

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.



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WILLIAM ROOTH,
General.

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A NEWGIRL'S SOUND ADVICE.

(See Article on page 4.)

FACTS ABOUT AFRICA.

The Continent of Africa has an area of 11,520,000 square miles. This is three times as large as the United States, including Alaska. The population numbers about 100,000,000. Of this number, one-fourth are Mohammedans, and nearly three-fourths Pagans. Three millions are nominal Christians. One-half of these are Catholics and Abyssinians. There are a million Jews, and 250,000 Hindus. Africa has six race-groups, 438 languages, and 153 dialects. 130 of these the whole Bible has been translated, the New Testament into 10 others, and portions into 45 others still.

Idol-worship is not so common as fetish-worship. A piece of wood or soap would become the object of brutish and superstitious worship. Human sacrifices are frequently offered. Darkness covers the land and gross darkness the people.

Cannibalism still prevails in the Congo country. Some natives recently said: "We welcome war because it brings us meat." We eat all enemies slain in battle."

Old men and old women near the Congo, if unable to provide for themselves, are put out into the forest to die.

The slave-trade has been abolished on the west coast, but not on the east. The drink-traffic is a terrible curse to all parts of the continent, and it appears to be increasing. A native evangelist said: "It is an enemy within the walls; an enemy that has taken the stronghold of the town; an enemy that has enmeshed our leaders, sent into poverty and bondage our young men and women, filled our streets with broken bottles, filled our homes with desperate and hardened inmates, and left unsaved souls that might have been saved by the sound of the Gospel."

Missionary work began in Africa in 1738. There are now forty-two Societies carrying on work in that continent. There are in all about 1,200 missionaries, about 1,000 stations, and about 1,000,000 Protestant adherents. Of these over 100,000 are communicants.

Including the European population of South Africa, it is estimated that only one person out of every thirty-four is even a nominal Christian. Every day over 13,500 pass into Christless graves.

While something has been done toward the evangelization of Africa, the great field has hardly been touched. Missionaries are pressing in from the Cape and along all the large streams, but there remains yet very much land to be possessed. The Arab carries the Koran into the heart of the country, traders go with their guns and gunpowder, and find their way in all directions; but the messengers of Christ, with the Water of Life, are not.—N. A., in Christian Standard.

HOW GOD ANSWERED PRAYER.

By W. RITCHIE, Tilsonburg, Ont.

The corps had been without officers for some weeks, and the responsibility of selling War Crys, conducting the meetings, and otherwise managing affairs devolved on the few soldiers who had time to attend to such work.

It was a country village corps, and many of the soldiers had chores to do in the evenings. This made late suppers, consequently late arrivals at the barracks; however, the meetings were kept going, with fair crowds in attendance, but no souls were saved. All through the beautiful Canadian summer the soldiers had marched, held open-air, and indoor meetings with no visible results, although each felt certain they had done all they could, and wondered why there was so much indifference manifested by the unsaved.

Summer had gone, and the first snow of winter had buried its pure white mantle over the quiet fields and village street. The afternoon meeting had just closed, and several of the soldiers stood around the stove bewailing the non-success of the meetings, and wondering why souls were not brought to Jesus. The question was unanswered when the Sergt.-Major pulled his cap down over his

ears and inserted the key in the door lock as a signal to disperse.

The Turning Point.

Up the village street went the small group, still in serious discussion, when a lad soldier expressed his determination to go back to the hall and spend the time before the evening meeting in prayer and fasting. Another joined him, and then another, until the whole group retraced their steps, and were soon on their knees pleading for souls. At first there was no apparent response, the heavens seemed as brass; but by-and-by a change came, and God seemed to be very near the little band, and their souls entered into communion with Him. Usually no one appeared at the hall until eight o'clock, but at seven someone knocked for admission, soon followed by others, until the hall was almost crowded at fifteen minutes to eight. From the opening song God set His seal on the gathering, which lasted until a late hour, and several

His Last Song.

We have just read this touching story of an aged Christian, a singer of no mean order, who was afflicted with a cancer on his tongue. He went to a hospital for an operation, and there the pathetic incident occurred.

Holding up his hand, he said, "Wait a minute, doctor, I have something to say to you." The operator waited, and the patient continued: "When this is over, doctor, will I ever sing again?"

The doctor could not speak; there was a big lump in his own throat. He simply shook his head, while the tears streamed down the poor fellow's face, and he trembled convulsively. The sick man then appealed to the doctor to lift him up, with which request the physician complied. He said, "I have had many a good time singing God's praises, and you tell me, doctor, I can never sing anymore after this. I have one song to sing which will be

The Crossroads of Life.

By W. A. H., Manitoba.

How smoothly the days of our childhood
Glide away on the bosom of Time!
How buoyant and glad we press onward
While glad youth and innocence chime!
To our hearts life is only one pathway,
With peace and with purity rife,
But all sudden we stop, and exclaim—
"We have reached the first crossroads of life."

It is well we should pause and consider
The ways that do here intersect,
For never did paths meet together
Whose ends far asunder deflect.
Oh! many at this point have faltered,
And settled for ever the strife,
As the right or the wrong they have entered
The very first crossroads of life.

One way is resplendent appearing,
With the butterfly glories of time—
Embellished with pleasures enchanting
That lurk and brilliant outshine.
But, ah! further on—the sorrows,
And the grief that doth pierce like a knife:
The pathway of death and destruction
Deceives at the crossroads of life.

Unattractive the other way seemeth,
Prosaic, and toilsome to view,
An upward incline to our vision,
With crosses each day to pursue.
But all the way on is His Presence,
Who maketh our cross a delight,
While honors and glories are waiting
Those choosing the cross-road of right.

Ah! could we but see all the sorrow,
The heart-breaking struggles with sin,
Hear the unspoken cries and the groanings
That mark out a contest with sin.
How could we, unmoved, see the conflict,
Or indifferent gaze on the strife,
While Heaven and Hell give battle
For a soul at the crossroads of life?

Oh! Christian, on life's weary journey,
Perchance at this hour by thy side
A comrade stands trembling and tearing,
O'er results that one step may betide.
It will lighten his pathway, and brighten,
To hear in the midst of the strife,
"Oh! trust in thy God and keep watchful
At all the dread crossroads of life."

sinners sought salvation; among them a noted innkeeper, who had always made light of the Gospel. That night was the only a taste of what followed. The good work continued and the corps grew in grace and numbers.

That was years ago. Many of those soldiers are now scattered to various parts of God's great vineyard, and in the battles of what later life when they are tempted to be discouraged, they remember how God answered prayer in the little corps at home.

the last. It will be a song of gratitude and praise to God as well."

Then from the operator's table, the poor man sang one of Dr. Watts' hymns, so familiar to many:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endure."



"How It Happened."

The excellent Social Report is selling well, and some corps are sending in duplicate orders. West Ontario seems to deserve the palm for pushing the pamphlet. Mitchell sold out first, and ordered a second supply, for which it has also remitted notice. Stratford and Bayfield were next in promptness.

Contributors Wanted.

The War Cry can always do with articles that are worth publishing; especially welcome are life-sketches of officers and soldiers, short stories, and corps histories. If you have any time and literary talent, you could not use them better than by writing for the Cry. Take a little pains over your article; it's worth while, considering that thousands of eyes will see and read it.

Easter War Cry.

Don't forget to do your share in pushing that Special Number. It is worth pushing, and good value at five cents. Why, the Commissioner's picture is worth that much alone. Its frontispiece will fit in two colors, similar to the last Easter Edition. The two colors will also be used in several other pages throughout the Cry. So much for its dress. Its contents will be "all right." Remember, the price will be only five cents.

Victoria Shelter Alive.

Adpt. Dudds writes a nice letter from Victoria. "We are quite alive," he writes, "and we are having some blessed meetings, both in the Shelter and at the jail. We are also doing some visiting amongst the poor, and right in their homes God is saving them. Praise Him. Last Sunday morning in the jail meeting, when I asked if there was a man who would start for heaven, one young man rose to his feet and said, with tears rolling down his cheeks, 'Yes, I will.' God pardoned him."

Correspondence.

We wish to thank our correspondents, who drop us an encouraging line, or a cheerful letter, for their communications. Our time will not permit us to answer them all individually, but we are always glad to receive such letters, and carefully read them. Those who careless matter for publication must not look for immediate publication, unless it is acute, since we have to hold manuscripts often for some time for various reasons.

THOUGHTS.

A proud man's grace is a humble man's disgrace.

People don't like plain talk, because it places the rough character.

Whiskey collects a man's vitality into his nose.

When a man's love freezes up in his heart, it becomes the devil's skating rink.

A godly saloon-keeper and a fashionable engineer are humbugs.

Mark the man who talks to you about others—he'll talk to others about you.

Knowledge is not always wisdom, but he is wise who knows the extent of his knowledge and how to apply it.

A brook gains depth through check of progress, and will always flow on again when risen above its barriers.

Many a one tries to sit on the house-top, but for the laying of the foundation of which he will not labor.

The real letters from hell are those on the sign board of the saloon, and those in its owner's pocket—issued by the Government—called "License."

Leut. H. Kreiger.





AMONG THE REFUGEES.

Thrilling Stories of an Officer on the Borderland, who Opened a Shelter and Ran a Social on Behalf of the Refugees.

Having been stationed in one of our border towns before and after war was declared, I thought a few lines on our work amongst the refugees would be acceptable and very interesting to our War Cry readers.

The distress and wretchedness I have had to witness was heart-rending, and many a morning I have stood on the station with a lump in my throat, and watched the masses of human beings crowded away in cattle and coal trucks! Only those who see these things can understand what they really mean.

Before the war was declared men were coming to me

Every Day for Help.

saying they had no money and were hungry, and had nowhere to go. I could not turn them off to sleep on the cold, hungry and cold, so I used to take them in and give them a shake-down on the floor and something to eat. They are coming so fast that I felt I must do something to meet the need, so I opened a small shelter, and not a moment too soon, for people were leaving the Transvaal and Free State in hundreds every day—trains were coming in at all times.

One night, when conducting my open-air meeting, I felt my way into my hand from the station-master, with the words:

"There are about 350 poor and destitute passengers with the train due here at 9:30 to-night."

What was to be done? It was 7:30 then, and the night was cold. So I left the open-air with the soldiers and ran off, got two big kettles of coffee, and all the bread and butter and cakes I could lay my hands on, and was up at the station when the train came in. I had made arrangements with several ladies and gentlemen of the town to take some in; but, alas! they all went on to East London, where accommodation was ready for them.

One night, when I was closing the barracks, after the night meeting, to go home, a tall, well-dressed American came after me and told me his sad experience. He had been in Johannesburg Hospital with fever, and was getting better, when he had to clear out, just taking a hand-bag with him, and when he got to the station he could not take even that, for all cattle-trucks and carriages were packed full, and no room to move. The poor man, having to stand two days and two nights, the

Fatigue Brought on a Collapse,

and when he got to Queenstown he had to be taken to hospital again. When he was better he came out without a penny in his pocket, and nowhere to go. Such was his state when I found him, weak through illness, hungry and low-spirited. I took him by the hand and said:

"Come on, my brother; you shall have food, and a bed."

And he was very grateful to sit down and break his fast.

I don't want to take up much space, but I could go on giving you dozens of cases where it has been my privilege to help, who came to me with just what they stood in. When the trains were running from the Rand I took up a big can of coffee every morning and bread and butter for those who were passing.

Didn't they clutch at it, too, with their cold hands, some of them having been in the train for two days and two nights with little to eat, only what they brought with them, and many lost in the struggle to get into the train. As coffee was sixpence per cup at the station, poor people had not much of a chance.

In one early morning train that came in, a mother sat next the door of the carriage fast asleep. Poor soul!

she was quite done out, and when the door was opened the child in her arms

Rolls Out on the Platform.

One woman was brought to me with one child, and another with three, all wet and tired, a rain-storm having soaked them as they sat in the open truck. All sorts and conditions of people were coming to me every day. Two men and a woman came in one afternoon, weary, and worn, and foot-sore, having walked all the way from Johannesburg.

One Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, a batch of about one hundred men, women, and children, came in from the invaded border with literally nothing, having had to leave their homes and all they possessed. Saturday was a very bad day to get provisions; but I got a bag of meal and gave each one enough to keep them going until Monday. It was quite a sight to see the poor people gather round, some with bags, and tins, and aprons, waiting for their share.

On one train I counted about one hundred natives, packed away in a coal-truck just like herrings, and many were the sad sights to be seen when the subjects were being driven from the land. One woman in a truck full of men gave birth to a child;

Children Died with Cold,

others were crushed to death! Three men were brought to the shelter in a very advanced state of consumption; one, who came out to this country some years ago, was very ill, and when we talked to him about his soul he said, "Don't talk to me about that!" I left him to visit the military camp, and when I came back he had passed from this life eternally!

I could go on telling you of people whom we have helped, and when I left Queenstown to go to the front on Naval and Military work, we were supplying, on an average, eighty beds, and six hundred meals per week, and, up to the time I left, I had found employment for forty men and women in town and country. Thus we have been kept busy during these dark times in our land.—John Anderson, South African Field Force, the Camp, Sterkstroom.

FROM CAPE TOWN.

It is computed that here in Cape Town over a hundred thousand fighting men have come and gone during the last few months, the vast majority intoxicated with the "glories" of war, and with little or no concern about death and destruction. Brave and noble out-and-out and good Christian men are to be found in the Imperial ranks 'tis true, but how few they are, after all, compared with the battalions of the ungodly! We praise God for the victory he has now in every direction, and with faith and confidence we advance to greater triumphs. The souls of thousands engaged in this terrible war shall continue to be our first consideration.

But the picture, as we see it daily, in and about Cape Town, would not be complete without a further reference to that ever-increasing section especially mentioned in last week's letter, namely, the wounded. As a regiment after regiment departs, "on the way up," the thought constantly comes uppermost as we gaze upon the scene, "How many of these will return?" They do return, scores of them after they have fallen in desperate engagement at far-off Natal, or at places only a few hundred miles distant up the line. Aye, hundreds of them, first by ship, or train, and then by ambulance waggons, four lines of which are to be seen almost daily in the neighborhood of Wynberg and

Rondebosch, driven slowly with their precious burdens, proceeding to and from the railway stations and the hospital camps.

These are sorrowful sights, rendered the more painful as we peep inside and cast our eyes upon the red-lined and bandaged forms, and the upturned pallid countenances and closed eyes, indicative of pain and suffering. Not infrequently these ambulances pass as we would our eyes upon the line of route, and we make good use of the picture in driving home the blessed truths of salvation to the hearts of the drink-sodden, sin-stained portions of the crowd standing round. And then, as often as we have the opportunity, we visit the sick and suffering ones, and speak to them words of consolation and hope, and we are cheered and encouraged with the results of our labor of love and of duty.

The Highland Brigade at the Modder River.

We are still well in touch with the Highland Brigade at Modder River. Though we have to mourn the loss of quite a number of precious converts in this brigade in recent engagements, yet the Naval and Military League is still strongly represented in its ranks. Ensign Scott accompanied the flying column, under General Macdonald, in the expedition to Koodoosberg, and we are anxiously awaiting details.

New converts continue to be captured at Modder River. Major Swain reports:

"Another convert in our tent last night. It was only a small prayer meeting, but one of the Highland Light Infantry brought a chum with him, and before we closed he gave himself to God."

From another letter we gather that as a result of an open-air meeting outside one of the camps, three more dear fellows knelt in the open-air and gave their hearts to God. This totals seven men who have got converted of late. Three of whom are already become Leaguers. Again, Capt. Hooper, with General Gatacre's column, has also secured several Leaguers. Lieut. Warwick, writing from the camp, Sterkstroom, says:

"New deputations, new light, and new Leaguers continue to mark our progress. We have our hands full, and our daily program is a large one, being divided among hospital visitation, open-air and prayer meetings, and consolation, and running two cents for use among six thousand troops."

Adj. Murray, and the brave little band on the Natal side, are as zealous and energetic as ever. Capt. Ashman, with all its intents and purposes, is now an arm and a leg in the salvation cause, attached to and laboring with one of the big fighting columns, in revelling in his work, and speaks highly of the kindness of the Imperial officers. Adj. Murray also makes special mention in his despatches, of sympathy and co-operation of both officers and civilians.

Inspiring Examples.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

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In Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, there lived a beautiful young girl named Theodora. Being a true follower of Jesus, she refused to recognize the Roman gods of wood and stone and was condemned to a shameful punishment.

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Didymus, another Christian, hurried to her home and persuaded her to escape in soldier's clothing. He then put his dress and sword taken to her, and she was punished in her stead. The change was discovered, and instead of letting him go, the judge condemned him to death.

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Theodora hearing of this, returned and threw herself at the judge's feet, begging that she should be put to death, but the stern judge condemned them both, so they were both beheaded. Here we learn of the noble, self-sacrificing love of the early Christians.—W. H.

With God working for you, every one of His promises shall come to glorious consummation.



THE S. A. KLONDIKE KITTEN.

Cats are worth from ten to twenty dollars apiece in Dawson. This kitten was given to Ensign Ellery when quite small. When she goes on her visits to the sick, she frequently takes her cat to nurse the children. While on one of these visits to a sick little girl this kitten was photographed by her father in thankful remembrance of the nurse's services. The photos sell at 50c. apiece at Dawson.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin

CONDUCT

Eight Days' Special Campaign at Lisgar Street.

Excellent Congregations—Splendid Meetings
Deep Conviction—Ten Seekers.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin have been conducting special soul-saving meetings, extending over two Sundays, in connection with the above corps, with marked success.

On the first Sunday, in spite of the bit cold weather, we had magnificent congregations. At night extra seats and chairs were in requisition. The spiritual fervor and enthusiasm of the soldiers was splendid. God came specially near. The day's fighting resulted in three seekers.

During the week the meetings were held in the Juniors' Hall, which was filled every night. The Brigadier's practical, pointed addresses were enjoyed by all present. On Tuesday night three came forward, and on Wednesday night two others sought forgiveness. The open-air was made attractive on Thursday night by having several short stands, thoroughly answering the neighborhood.

Sunday was the last day of the campaign, and from the splendid open-air meeting in the snow in the morning right to the closing benediction, the power of God was mightily present in all the public gatherings. The Brigadier's address on Faith, Hope, and Charity, in the morning, will long be remembered by those who heard it. Ensign Burrows assisted in the afternoon, and also did Capt. Arnold with his violin.

The night meeting was a triumph! The crowd was great! Extra seats again had to be brought in. Capt. Arnold sang a good salvation solo. Capt. Arnold played his violin. Ensign Burrows and Mrs. Gaskin spoke with power. The Brigadier wound up with an address on "Christ, or Barabbas." The people were visibly moved. The soldiers held on in mighty faith. The prayer meeting began. Some went out. Deep conviction settled on those who remained. The brave Lisgar warriors sang and prayed in the spirit of earnestness. We wound up rejoicing over the souls finding their way to mercy and salvation.

The corps is going on and up. The Junior work is doing splendidly. The Senior warriors, led by Adj. Searr and Capt. Matthews, are a desperately determined band of consecrated men and women, who, amid snow and ice, wind and storm, march the streets singing the songs of salvation, or stand at the street corners warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Such labors God will reward. There will be an eternal crowning for these brave soldiers of the Cross.

A Newgirl's Advice.

(To our frontispiece.)

John Burgess was "down on his luck."

"Time was—and not so long ago—when fortune had seemed in his favor. His trade as an electrician procured him good wages, and being a steady-going chap, he was in no sad case. In religion John Burgess made no decided stand. Perhaps if asked if he had any faith, he would have returned the answer given by some agnostic years since, "I am neither for God nor against Him." The neutral view permitted what John Burgess called "liberal ideas of life." A game at cards, an occasional glass, and now and then a visit to a select but worldly entertainment he considered allowable alleviated up a destination with a level head," and as he threw in every week an hour of conventional worship at a fashionable church, he counted himself a commendable and even Christianized American. Yet he sought no Heavenly Guide in his life nor acknowledged Divine claims upon his talents.

A prospective advertisement turned the young man's ambitions towards Canada. He was told Montreal was the place for a man like him to make his fortune. Thither he repaired. He knew no one in the city, but felt confident of his success.

One week or two, the Mountain City revolutionized John Burgess. Far from finding the abundance of promising jobs amongst which he might take his choice, he could hear of none, and found that the streets were full of men who were misers, and that as himself, or more so. Tramping up and down the dingy streets till his hair was sick with the fruitless search, John tried, as evil advice termed it, "an extra glass to keep his courage up." Alas! his courage sank but the lower, and in the renewed endeavors to keep it up by intoxicants, John Burgess went down—his purse became empty—his appearance shabby, and his character degraded. Then everything he possessed became pled to pay the thirst for liquid fire that now burned within him. His electrical tools, his two watches and chains, and then his trunk of clothing, were all swallowed up. Destitution and degradation stared him in the face, yet he still drank.

In the corner of a low saloon John Burgess sat spending his last coin for another dose of the curse which had ruined him. Those around him, who doing had transformed the trim young workman into a desperate drunkard.

"Paper, sir?"

A little newgirl, raggedly-clad stood before him.

"Not for me, miss," he muttered; "I'm broke."

The wise little face beneath the ragged hat looked thoughtfully at him. She was evidently weighing up the man before her.

"It's a pity for a man like you as is down, to stay down," she said in her little old-fashioned way. "Why don't you give up the drink?"

"Oh, I?" said John Burgess slowly. "Oh, yes you can." The little girl's face was full of the gladdest assurance. "I'll show you where; come with me."

John Burgess could hardly believe his own actions. He got up and followed her out of the saloon. There was no use in arguing with a child, and something in her trustful simplicity seemed to compel him to obey her.

Through the streets he was hurried. They were a strange pair, and not a few curious glances were bent upon the tiny conductress who piloted the shrunken man through the city thoroughfares. At last the little girl stopped outside a red brick building with brightly-lighted windows.

"This is the door," she said, and opening the door, pushed him in. A red-hot Solyvian Army meeting was going on inside. John Burgess was taken hold of before he knew it. A few minutes later he knelt at the penitent form sobbing out his story of sin and grief.

From the barracks to the Shelter, a soldier took him a short cut. At the Lighthouse John Burgess found friends, and a chance to put his good resolves into practice. There is every prospect of his regaining his lost position in society, and with the fear of

God in his heart, is twice the man he ever was before.

What of the little newspaper girl? I know not. But God sees her where she is, and will know where to find her when the time comes for giving the reward of this world's Good Samaritans.—A. L. P.

Are You the Man?

It is said that when Garibaldi was going out to battle he told his troops what he wanted them to do. When he had done so, they said:

"Well, General, what are you going to give us for all this?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like that?"

His men stood before him a little while in silence, and then they threw up their hands and cried:

"We are the men! We are the men!"

God calls for spiritual heroes, who will this dare for Him! Can He depend upon you?

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An Indian Wedding

AT SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

By MRS. ADJT. MCGILL.

We have had a big wedding. Two converts, of a few months' standing, were married on Monday evening. Not a real Army wedding as we would have liked, but the bride's father, being a civil, having his heart set on his daughter being married in a style befitting her rank, we had to give them a certain license not usual with us. However, the band hired for the occasion, and other accessories, called out a big crowd, and as the majority of them never saw a place of worship, we saw the opportunity of presenting the Gospel in prayer and song, and they listened attentively.

The Daily Alaskan reports the affair as follows:

SWELL INDIAN WEDDING.

Salvation Army Barracks Besieged for Seats.

The Indian wedding at the Salvation Army barracks yesterday afternoon called out as many people as a fire would, and a fire is the easiest means of taking the census of the city. The hall was soon a place of confusion, jammed tight. Still men and women fought for entrance, and it seemed at times that the front of the building might be pushed in.

The wedding itself was as orderly a ceremony as was ever witnessed, though not as somber as some, for Adj. McGill believes not in the long rare style of piety. The bride, Miss Frances Kausily, was robed in white, and long waves of lace attacked a wreath of orange blossoms, and blushed as prettily, but a trifle deeper, as the pale-face bride. And John Williams was every bit as abashed as the Boston man under similar circumstances.

Commissioner Schilbrede tied the knot, prefacing the ceremony by a few words that he had been requested to say on the subject of marriage, and these few words were so fully translated and repeated in the Indian tongue by Joseph Kadotah, a convert of the Army of several months' standing.

"Not only for myself, but for the white people generally," said Commissioner Schilbrede, "I desire to express the pleasure it gives me to see the Indians entering into the marriage contract the same as the white people. Marriage is a civil contract; it is also one of the institutions of God, and provided for by God; and when we enter into these relations we should do so with a clear understanding of the responsibilities that attach to such a sacred and important transaction."

"It is a sad fact all over this land that the marriage relation is considered too lightly. People enter into it without due consideration, and seldom will they live up to the responsibilities so solemnly undertaken on each side. It is to be hoped that when the Indians enter into this solemn contract they will do so after having carefully considered the matter, and with full knowledge of what they are entering into, and stand by the contract in all that it implies."

The orchestra then played the wedding march, after which Commissioner Schilbrede, through the simple and direct words of the two intelligible young Indians man and wife. After this several young Indians, including the newly-married, told their religious experiences, and in every case the record of sinning interspersed with prayers. It was, on the whole, a very interesting and cheerful wedding.

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The Forest City Visited

BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ.

Deep Interest—Good Crowds—League of Mercy Additions—Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity's Kind Words—A City's Dark Side.

The series of meetings conducted by Mrs. Read in London have been very profitable, and the blessings received from them will live. A very cordial welcome was accorded her on the Saturday night.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Read gave a very earnest and practical talk on the power of the Holy Ghost.

Sunday afternoon Staff-Capt. Phillips very fittingly introduced Mrs. Read. Bro. Merritt, representing the League of Mercy, testified to the great amount of good done by those sisters who visited the jail, hospital, etc., and said that it was very true that they were angels of light to those who were shut within the prison walls, or laid on beds of sickness and suffering in the hospitals.

Mrs. Read then got well hold of the people as she spoke to them of "The New Song." Worthily is the Lamb of God slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." And as she talked of the sins and sorrows of earth, and of the Blood-washed ones who were singing around the Throne of the New Jerusalem, many hearts were deeply touched.

On Sunday night the barracks were filled. Hitherto the League of Mercy workers have been the women, but in this meeting three brothers were commissioned to go forward on this Christ-like mission of carrying light, joy, and blessing to the poor lonely prisoners and sufferers.

The Social meeting on Monday night in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church was well attended. The Rev. Dr. Johnson acted as chairman, and in introducing Mrs. Read, spoke of the grand work, both Spiritual and Social, that is being carried on by the Army. He mentioned our beloved Commissioner's visit to London last year, said that it was "one of THE meetings of the year," and had been a great inspiration to him personally. He loved the Army, and was anxious to have Lieut.-Colonel Read to speak in his church on that branch of the work which was especially in sympathy with—the rescue of the unfortunate and the suffering-for the helplessness of the poor. He felt that from well, Mrs. Read rose to the occasion, and spoke in her usual pathetic and earnest manner on "A City's Dark Side." We feel confident that the interest and sympathies of the people were aroused. The London S. and M. took the place of the choir, and rendered excellent service.—E. W.

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UNPRECEDENTED FAMINE IN INDIA.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL NURANI, Ahmedabad, Gujarat.

For ONE DOLLAR per month we can keep three little children alive.

FIVE DOLLARS would keep three little children alive for the remainder of the famine, if God be graciously pleased to send us rain next July.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will support an orphan famine child for one year in our Homes.

FIFTY DOLLARS would provide twenty-five families with weaving work and support for two months—the cloth to be used in clothing poor famine-stricken orphans.

February 9th, 1900.

IT is, for area and numbers, by far the worst famine that India has ever seen, at any time since the British rule. At a recent meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council, at Calcutta, presided over by the Viceroy, it was stated that there were 40 millions of people in the distressed famine area, 21 millions more in area where famine has already begun, or must begin before the rains can be expected. This shows how appalling is the distress at present, and how almost overwhelming is the outlook of the next six months. The British Government, and the various Native Governments of the affected areas are doing their very utmost to deal with the distress; but it can easily be seen how impossible it is for any Government to cope with it adequately, and they, therefore, invite and rely upon voluntary Agency and the charity of the public to co-operate in the months of trial before us.

Already for some months the most distressing scenes have been witnessed, and the prospect of their increasing more and more is a heart-rending one. We long to do more to help these precious suffering people.

We are in the centre of the famine districts, and thousands of refugees flock into Ahmedabad, hoping for either work or relief of some kind. Again and again, just in close proximity to our own buildings have persons been found dead of famine. Oh, how pitiful to see them—men and women in the prime of life, little children by their parents' side.

In the Panch Mahals, where the people are a simple aboriginal race, called the Bhels, the distress is very great. A dear European officer, who has only been in India about nine months, is laboring there heroically, with others. It is not able to speak of what she daily witnesses, without tears. At first the sight of poor, dead bodies by the roadside was so shocking to her; but now, alas! it is the common sight. She even goes into her villages without the spectacle of some poor creatures who have dropped down in death.

A short time since she came across a whole family by the roadside. The father dead, a little dead child near, and still alive, the poor mother with a little dead infant in her arms. The dear Swedish girl, with her heart full of compassion, laid the poor woman's head on her shoulder, and its sudden weight alarmed her, and looking down into her face, she found the poor woman had died in her embrace.

A missionary, working in the same district, but in a more fertile region, that in one short morning walk, he saw five persons dead on the roadside, and the same day arranged for the burial of eight.

THE CHILDREN.

It is for the little children we feel most of all. The little children whose parents have died, or who, unable to witness their sufferings, have deserted them. Only a few days since, one of our officers was called to the window by the shout of a European Police Inspector: "Famine. A Salvation Army take this little orphan, or he will soon be dead on the road?" It was a mere baby, barely two years old. Mother and sister died of starvation, as far as can be ascertained. The Inspector said if we did not receive him, they would soon find him dead of starvation and cold, or run over by a cart.

Again, a District Officer reports only this week, that a poor woman with two children came to him for relief.

He gave her food, but almost immediately she expired, the two little children left on his hands, he not knowing who the woman was, or whence she came.

A constantly-increasing number of such little ones is being, as it were, thrown on our hands, we feel sent to us by God Himself, and we dare not, could not, turn one away. We must care for them, even if it is to share

The Hindoo Mother's Dream.

By COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

The Famine Fiend has marshalled forth

His legions far and wide;
grim desolation's grinding heel
Has marked his giant stride!

The grassless plains to feeble herds
No blade of food supply
Upon the parched talao's bank
They lay them down to die.
The vultures weary of their task
And fatten on their prey.
While timid jackals, fearless grown,
Now scour the fields by day.

But, oh, the wail of human woe
That rises to the sky!
From hunger-stricken millions, who
In vain for succor cry:
Some cling to the ancestral spot,
The hamlet home so dear,
And side by side they breathe their last

The bare earth floor their bier!
Others in desperation rise,
Their babes wrapped to their breast.
And wander forth, they know not
where.

North, East, or South, or West!
The bleaching bones the sad tales tell
Of multitudes who fall
Along the roadsides, many in groups,
Some singly—sights appal!

Yonder a widowed mother fans
Life's feeble, flickering flame,
And watches o'er her dying babe
With love that's just the same

with them our last crust. He says,
"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these My little ones, ye do it unto Me."

WHAT ARE WE DOING?

I.—We have some 20 Cheap Grain Shops. In these we sell grain at 25% loss to the Salvation Army.

II.—In connection with each Grain Shop we have some free distribution for those of our poor soldiers, such as the sick and aged, who cannot possibly afford to buy even the cheap grain. But the crowds who come clamoring for the free grain are so great, and their agony of entreaty so heart-rending, that our officers have again and again retired to weep, because their means to help are so limited.

III.—We try to provide work for those who are able to do it. Work is the help that all appreciate most. They want to work; they do not wish to eat the bread of charity; they want to earn work. Our soldiers are chiefly weavers. We are, therefore, providing weaving work, and could help a large number by this means, if only we had sufficient capital to buy cotton.

Again, we hope to build some barracks to be used also for our day schools) where there is no such build-

ing. This will give laboring work to persons who cannot weave.

IV.—The children in our 163 day schools, now numbering 2,800, we long to help; but we can do so little with so large a number. He have, therefore, arranged that 400 of them, the worst cases, shall receive enough grain weekly, to keep them alive until the famine is over.

If we receive sufficient funds, the 400 shall become 600 or 800 little children saved from a terrible death, this unutterable distress, which I have been endeavoring to describe. If your friends can help us, our heart-felt gratitude will be yours.

THE NEW AND OLD.

How often men think that new ideas call for new arenas! They are generally wrong. The new sword is for the old fight, the new courage for the old conflict. "Go home to thy friends." Show the new life where the old one was lived. It will cost, but it will conquer. The new duty of doing the old duty, bearing the old burden, fighting the old temptations, is the vindication of a new heart. "Behold, I make all things new" means making old things new.

As lights our happy Western homes,
And makes each mother start
When sickness poises in his hand
Bereavement's dismal dart!

We scarce can tell—is it a faint
Or sunder of sleep that steals
Across our frame as "She Dreams"
That GOD hears her appeals;

That help, with tireless, Christ-like wings,
Is speeding on its way.
And soon for India's war-worn race
Will dawn a brighter day.

She starts! A drum-beat she can hear,
A cornet's music shrill
A song of hope and peace rings forth,
"Is coming nearer still!"

A banner waves, a march swings on,
The Mukhtawaj draws nigh!
Once more a flash of gladsome hope
Beams from her sunken eye!

Now van the hope! Soothe her hands
Have borne them home with care,
And tender hearts have ministered
To them their fragrant fare;

And Christ's own messengers of peace
To Eritria, have thrice repeat,
Till one more weary, sick soul
Finds pardon at His feet.

But see, her withered finger points
To suffering millions more,
Who weepers round her, loudly knock
Upon our country's door!

Our eager, willing offering
Shall hush her bitter cry,
While mingled prayer and alms arise
As incense to the sky!

After One of the Battles.

After one of the battles in South Africa, the war now raging in South Africa, two wounded men were brought into the hospital. One of them was a Briton, the other a Boer. Each had an arm shot to pieces. The arms were cut off in the same place by the surgeon. The two men were laid upon cots close together. When Tommy (every common English soldier is called Tommy Atkins) saw the Boer near him suffering from his wound, he called the nurse and asked her to take the Boer something from his case of supplies. "Tell him," said Tommy, "that I sent it." The nurse did as she was asked. The wounded Boer was so affected by the little kindness from his fellow-sufferer, who had, an hour before, been his supposed enemy, that he broke down and cried like a child.

Tommy was also weeping, and the nurse who was caring for them both, had to hurry away to keep from joining them in their tears. How sad it is that war should bring such men as these to treat each other as enemies.—From the Angel of Peace

When the wish is father to the thought the both will look alike.



THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER III.

Upon the disappearance of Romulus, a Sabine, named Munn, was elected as King, according to the agreement that a King was to be chosen in turn from each nation. Munn's government was wise, and he lived at peace with his neighbors. He is said to have lived the calendar, and named the months of the year. He insisted that a Roman should keep his word and had an altar built to Good Faith. He also did away with the former practice of sacrificing men and women to the gods.

Munn reigned 33 years and then was buried in a stone coffin. Tullus Hostilius was his successor. A Roman by birth, and a great warrior. He went to war with the Albans until it was agreed that the two cities should join, but a dispute arose as to which city should be the greater, and it was decided to fight it out by combat.

In each city were three brothers whose mothers were sisters. Both sets were about of the same age and skilled in handling weapons. The Roman brothers, Hostilius by family name, were pitted against the Alban brothers, whose family was named Curatius. They fought bravely in the plain between the encamped armies, until two of the Hostili were killed and all three Curatius were wounded. The last Hostilius ran for a distance, pursued by his three cousins, who followed at different distances, hindered by their varying loads of armor. He turned back and slew each one of the Curatius as he came up to him, crying, as he struck the last of his cousins: "To the glory of Rome I sacrifice thee!"

Seeing his coming, the Alban King asked Tullus what his commands were. "Only to have the Alban youth ready when I need them," was the reply.

Tullus Hostilius, though a victorious warrior in battle, was harsh and presuming, and when lightning struck him and his horse, it was taken as a judgment of the gods.

Ancus Marcius, the grandson of Munn, was chosen King after Tullus Hostilius, and he ruled very much in the spirit of his grandfather. He built the first bridge over the Tiber.

In his time a Greek family had settled in Eritria, and there first introduced writing. The Roman letters we used to-day, are simplifications of the Greek alphabet.

The eldest son of this Greek journeyman, Tullus, Tarquinius, and his son, Tarquinius, to Rome as he had no chance to rise to honors in Eritria, being a foreigner. Tarquinius became a famous warrior, and upon the death of Ancus, was chosen King. He introduced purple robe and a golden crown as insignia of the Roman Kingship. He erected also a circus for games, and placed stone benches and shop stalls round the forum, also replaced the mud walls of the city by stone walls.

A legend tells of a fair slave girl in his house who used to offer cakes to Lar, the household spirit. One day Lar appeared and asked the King's mother, Tonaquil, telling her that he wanted to marry her. The slave was solemnly arrayed as a bride, and from the marriage came a son, called Lucius. Tullus Tarquinius gave him his name, and he was named Lucius after his murder by the two sons of Ancus Marcius, who wanted to obtain the throne. Servius Tullus was made King.

(To be continued.)

Truth may be bruised and laid up, but it never gets heart failure.

All His workings among men, which are His "way," have righteousness stamped on them. Absolute, inflexible righteousness guides all His acts, but whilst it may be poetically conceived as "preparing His way before Him," it may also be thought of as following Him, and pointing His footsteps as the way for us to walk in. Man's perfection lies in His imitating God. Jesus has left us "His steps," that we should "follow His steps."

THE SOLDIERS' BUREAU

INTEREST

INSTRUCTION &

INTELLIGENCE

Terse Topics.

The Children's Basket.

SPRING SAINTS.

Every season is a simile of some phase of the Christian character. Those who resemble the Springtime in their religious experience and influence are at once the most agreeable and the most disappointing people in the Kingdom of God. Their characteristic sunshine is very welcome, their cheerful looks, bright words, and kind actions make them beloved and a blessing. But then, you never know what to expect—for, like the variable Spring weather, their moods pass as quickly as they come. The testimony which has been full of joy last holiness meeting, may have a half-hearted ring in the next, or be wanting altogether. Uncertainty marks their best moments, and one feels when rejoicing over one of their victorious moments that you never know how long it will last. God save us from these variable seasons. Those who feel themselves the slaves of such should seek to establish themselves in that grace which is unchanging.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"Thy will be done."—Matt. vi. 10.

Blest will of God! Most glorious,
The very fount of Grace,
Whence all the goodness floweth,
That marveling angels trace.

VVV

MONDAY.—"Of His fulness have we all received, and grace for grace."
—John i. 16.

Saviour, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings!

VVV

TUESDAY.—"Look unto Me."—Is. xlv. 22.

From each snare that lureth,
Foe and phantom grim,
Safety this ensue—
Look away to Him.

VVV

WEDNESDAY.—"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job xxiii. 10.
Not yet thou knowest how I did
Each passing hour, entwined
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
In one great love-design.

VVV

THURSDAY.—"Enoch walked with God."—Gen. v. 22.

So may'st thou walk with His clear light,
Leaning on Him alone,
Thy life His very own.
Until He takes thee up to walk with Him in white.

VVV

FRIDAY.—"Happy are these thy servants."—Mt. Chron. ix. 7.

Oh, happy are Thy servants, happy they
Who stand continually before Thy face,
Ready to do Thy will of wisest grace.
My King! Is mine such blessedness to-day?

VVV

SATURDAY.—"God Himself is with us."—Mt. Chron. xii. 12.

He is with thee, with thee always,
All the nights and all the days;
Never falling, never frowning,
With His loving kindness crowning,
Turning all Thy life to praise.

Two Martyr Girls.

"What is your name?" asked Dianela, as the terrified child stood shivering before her enemies, with not one friendly hand to clasp hers, not one friendly face to smile down on her, not one friendly voice to cry: "God bless you!"

"My name is Faith," said the child. "And what is your religion?" "A Christian," said Faith. "I serve and love the Lord Jesus with all my heart and soul."

"Sacrifice to our gods at once," commanded Dianela, hardly thinking it worth while to ask her, so sure was he that the child would be too frightened to do anything else.

"You will die with torture if you don't," he threatened, seeing her hesitate.

It was only a little thing she had to do, just to throw two or three grains of incense into the silver shrine of the Goddess Diana. There was nothing to it, no confession to make, and any little girl of ten years old, who wasn't very strong in the Lord, would have surely yielded as she looked at those fierce, cruel faces that were bent over her. But Faith had no fear. There was one stronger than the Pro-Consul, or even the Emperor himself, standing beside her.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord," she answered firmly, "not only will I not sacrifice to your gods, but I am ready to suffer all kinds of torture!"

So they took the poor little girl away and tortured her in a way I should not like to tell you of. Some day, when you read history for yourself, you will understand a little of all she went through before death, in the shape of a glittering sword, mercifully released her.

The people who stood by were moved with pity to see the child suffer, and that day a great number were led to see that Jesus was indeed the one Saviour of the world. Little Faith's testimony bore rich fruit. Wasn't it well for those souls that she flung the incense to the ground instead of into the shrine of Diana? A few days later these spiritual children of Faith's wore crowns of martyrdom, and followed her into heaven. They happened to Faith spread all around, right up even to the hill of St. Vincent. The Christian Bishop, as soon as ever he learned she had been left behind, hastened down to her place of comfort. But when he got there it was to look on her little dead face, with the peace of God written on its pale features.

This story comes to us right down through the centuries. Hundreds and hundreds of years have passed away since Faith lived and died; yet her story lives still.

Little Priscia was martyred in Rome about the same time as Faith in Acre. She was between nine and ten years old when she was torn away from her parents and taken before the Emperor. He thought it would be very easy to persuade a child. He ordered her to offer incense to the temple of Apollo. But she steadfastly refused. Blows and torments followed; but it was no use. Priscia would not bow before any god but the true God. Then she was locked up in prison all alone. Still she held firm. She was taken to the big amphitheatre—that dreadful place where the Roman Christians were given to the wild beasts—and given to a lion to eat. But, in and behold! the lion would

not touch her; he lay down at her feet like a dog!

The Emperor was very angry indeed, and he ordered her to be shut up for a long period in the temple of the gods. But, though weak and ill, little Priscia held firm to her faith, and finally she was taken and beheaded at the Ostian gate.

Such things are not done nowadays, perhaps. Still, every Christian child has a daily war to wage—perhaps a daily martyrdom to endure. We know a shy, sensitive little girl who is laughed and jeered at in school because she refuses to "copy," and do certain other things that she does not consider right and true. Another girl spent six companionless months at school because she would do what she knew was right. "That was a hard six months," she said to me once. "Every day at recess I used to have to go and sit alone. Not one of those girls would come near me. It was awfully hard for me, for I was so fond of having people like me; still, I felt that for me to give in meant giving up Jesus."

I was quite sure that God, looking down from heaven on that solitary little girl, thought just as much of her offering of devotion and sacrifice as He did of little Faith's or Priscia's. Lives like theirs are handed down and remembered to remind little living Christian children that they

"Wear the crown they were of old," and, as the hymn goes on to say—

"Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do without within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin."
Yes, a death to the world, and self,
And all kinds of sin.—From "Red Flowers of Martyrdom."

RECEIVING BEFORE GIVING

There is a spiritual bankruptcy as there is a pecuniary one. I may be content so eager to help the poor that I indiscriminately give away all my property, and so become a pauper myself. Likewise I may be so eager to help souls that I give away all my spiritual capital. I talk, and talk, and talk without waiting on God to fill me. This is folly. We should wait to be clothed with power from on high. We should take time to hear what the Lord will say, then speak so much as He gives us to speak. Then again seek His face; be quiet and attentive before Him until He re-fills us. If we do not do this we become weak inwardly, we draw on our reserve power and become exhausted spiritually and mentally. We may be so eager to give that we become impatient of waiting on God to receive, forgetting that Jesus said, "Without Me ye can do nothing." Those who have blessed men the most, and have blessed the most men, have taken time to listen to God's voice and to be taught of Him.—S. L. B.

Blessedness and true success lies in keeping closely joined to God.

Every one of the attributes of God meet and embrace each other in the atonement of Christ. Mercy comes to display in Him; truth is revealed by Him; righteous law is proclaimed in Him; honour in Him; peace towards God and towards a remorseful conscience is possible through Him. Jesus paid it all—all the debt you owe. Yet He so paid it that while you are saved all God's glorious attributes shine forth undimmed in your salvation.

What a Soldier x Should Know.

Is the Salvation Army Law-Abiding? —"X"

It is essentially law-abiding. We rarely come into collision with the authorities. In the early days of the Army, when we were not so well understood, the authorities often came into collision with us. That this is the correct way of putting it is apparent from the fact that in almost every case where we have appeared to the law courts, we have been successful. Now, however, the attitude of the authorities has changed, and they increasingly look upon us, not as enemies of law and order, but as friends.

Is the Salvation Army Socialistic?

The word is open to many interpretations. To the man on the street to be Socialistic means something akin to being an anarchist, revolutionist, nihilist, or something of the sort; and then we emphatically say—No. But if it means, as we think it does, that employers and employees have duties and responsibilities to each other, then certainly—Yes. The Bible teaches clearly that both classes have duties and responsibilities to each other, and the Army's business is to enforce these claims fearlessly.

Do Salvationists Vote?

Yes. Though, as an Army, we take no part in political movements or upheavals of the day, yet Salvationists vote as individuals, and vote for good men. They vote because they want to show themselves on the side of righteousness and truth, and many refrain from voting because few opportunities offer for so voting according to their conscience.

Is the Social Work Likely to Supersede the Original Work of the Army?

No; we don't think so. The Social Work has been much more talked of because so many people object to talk about anything spiritual. The Social is the child of the Spiritual, and their relationship can never be changed. A Social kingdom can be measured—a Spiritual one cannot. The Spiritual can exist without the Social, but the Social would specially come to the dust and be lost without the Spiritual.

How is the Social Work Supported?

Now largely by the subscriptions of our own soldiers, chiefly given through the G. B. M. boxes, the labor of money of the persons benefited by the various Social Institutions. Money is asked from the outside friends for the forming of new branches of the work and providing for about three years' part-maintenance, after which, it is hoped that the majority of our Institutions—excepting, of course, purely charitable branches, such as Police Court Prison Gate, Free Labor Bureau, Ministry of Rescue Work, etc., will be able to support themselves.

Do the Finances of the Spiritual Work Suffer Because of the Social Work?

No; see balance-sheets. People who are well served and taught the privilege of giving, as Salvationists are, give more and more liberally as opportunity offers. The G. B. M. Box, which is the main channel of contribution from our own soldiers to the Social Funds, has not lessened in any degree, and our offerings in other directions. People who don't want to give are ever ready to find excuses for not giving.

GLIMPSES INTO SOME LIVES TOUCHED

BY OUR
RESCUE HOME WORKERS.

I often wish we had time to give to the many friends who are interested in our Rescue Work a more realistic and comprehensive idea of the work which is really accomplished in the Homes situated up and down the Territory, but the hectic nature of the work makes it difficult to do this. We are anxious to give every true, earnest girl, who, though she has stepped aside, is desirous to retrieve her character and begin life afresh, a chance to do so. That the real identity of those whose brief life-stories you may peruse may not be revealed, assumed names are given.

Among my papers I have found a little sketch, written by Capt. Story, now in heaven: I am passing it on to War Cry readers.—Lieut.-Colonel Read.

—[10]—

RUTH.

"I tell you, mother, it is no use my working away here for almost nothing when I can get more than double the wages in America."

The speaker was a young fair-haired girl about 10 years of age. Her parents lived on a small farm in Sweden, but, being poor, their daughter Ruth had been trying to earn her own living and assist her parents by going out to service; but wages were very small, and Ruth had heard that several of her companions were going to America, where, she was told, servants were in great demand and wages were good. So she decided to join them and try her luck in the new country. Although her mother felt the danger there was in a strange country for a young girl, yet Ruth was determined to go, so she started, promising her sorrowing mother that in a few years she would return, having made her fortune, and gladden the hearts of her parents. But alas! for her hopes. Satan had laid his plan to entrap the unwary feet of the innocent girl. Ruth landed safely at Winnipeg, but having no friends to welcome her, and nowhere to go, with very little money, she wandered about vainly seeking for a situation. Very soon she found that her bright dreams were fast fading away, and soon Ruth was longing for home and mother. Then Satan seizes his chance and someone appeared who promised her a home, money and pleasure. Her youthful feet were entrapped in the toils of Satan's snare. Soon all thought of home and mother were crowded out of her heart as she sank deeper and deeper in sin and shame.

It was a bitter, cold day in January, when the thermometer registered between 40° and 50° below zero. A real North-West winter day.

Fur-muffled figures were seen hurrying on their way, bent on getting through their business as quickly as possible, so they might return to their warm firesides, and enjoy the comforts of home and friends.

In a small back room in a tenement house, beside an almost fireless stove, sat a poor woman, with an infant child in her arms, swaying back and forth in an old rocking-chair, vainly trying to hush the pining cry of the little one, and protecting it from the piercing cold, which was becoming more and more intense as the last stick burned out and the fast spark flew away. For days, Ruth had tasted food. The small sheet-iron stove, with an old tin kettle, and the chair in which she sat, were the only articles of furniture the room contained. She had barely enough clothes to cover her poor, complaining body, and these were of the very thinnest kind.

At last the pitiful wall of the child seemed to arouse the almost torpid mother, and she started up in a desperation, pulling her old, ragged coat a little closer, and trying to make it cover the little one as well. She hurried into the street. Aimlessly she wandered up and down with nowhere to go, until her very blood was almost freezing in her veins. Then a kind lady noticed her, and was touched with pity; she took her into her home, sat her by a bright, warm fire, and brought her some food and a child. Finding out her destitute condition, she telephoned the Matron of our Rescue Home, and asked her to

take the poor outcast into the Home. This was gladly done, and poor Ruth slept that night in a warm, comfortable bed. When she awoke next morning she found herself surrounded by the bright, cheerful faces of others, who, like herself, had sunk in sin, but had found hope and deliverance through Jesus in the Home. These, with the loving care of the officers, soon melted her heart, and, seeing how terribly she had sinned against God, she sought in pardoning Saviour.

After some months spent in the Home a situation was procured for her, where she gave excellent satisfaction. Soon after Ruth received an

for them to carry back to the Home. Then, as the good-byes were being said, and the officers were about to return to their labor of love, Ruth pressed a dollar bill into the hand of "her Ensign" as a small token of her gratitude, and thus we leave her, with a comfortable home and kind husband and the peace of God abiding in her heart, another trophy of our Rescue Work in Winnipeg.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

I am dying now, my brother.
Soon I'll pass from earth away;
Lay my head upon your bosom;
List to what I have to say.
If God spurs you to get back there,
To the country of our birth,
Take this message to the dear ones
I shall never see on earth.

QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 6.



Loudly the lean and hungry poor complain,
Yet to the miser they appeal in vain.

honorable proposal of marriage, which she accepted, and is now enjoying a comfortable home.

The year is almost gone, winter has again spread her white mantle over the earth, and over the frozen prairie we see a horse and cutter, occupied by three Salvationists, hastening along in the face of a biting wind, but they have reached their destination and rein up before a neat little farm house. The door is thrown open and reveals a bright, cheerful-looking woman within. She utters a cry of joy as she perceives who her visitors are, and kindly draws them towards the blazing fire. Soon the table is spread with good things, and as she sits about with her bright, happy face, sincere smiles of the Army songs, it would be hard to recognize in her the poor, forlorn outcast of a year ago. Around the room there toddles a sweet little girl of fifteen months, who lovingly lisp the name of Papa.

Ruth cannot find words to express her gratitude to the officers who were used by God in lifting her from the pit in which she had sunk, but proudly leading them to the large root-house where 1,500 bushels of vegetables were stored (part of the proceeds of their little farm) she filled two large bags

Take one of my curls to mother—
Patient mother, that I love,
Now her soft hand would caress them
As she told of Jesus's love.
Tell her Jesus is beside me,
And above the battle's strife
I could hear Him sweetly whisper,
"You shall have eternal life."

Take my Bible home to father,
Place it in his toll-worn hand;
Tell him to prepare to meet me
Over on the Shining Strand.
Tell him that his boy fought bravely,
Fought and died on Arlie's hills,
Ever true to God and country,
Now sweet peace my spirit fills.

Tell my brothers and my sisters
To serve Jesus evermore,
Till they meet me in His presence,
Yonder on the other shore;
Tell them all that I proved for them
Last night, as alone I lay,
With the dead and dying round me,
Watching for the dawn of day.

Brother, tell my faithful comrades
In our dear old Army corps,
That my Captain has stood by me,
Though the fight at times was sore;
Tell them to be true and faithful
To our flag, and to our God,
Till and fight for souls of others,
When I'm laid beneath the sod.

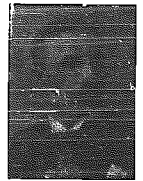
There's another loved one, brother,
Dressed in suit of Army blue,
Voice that sings the Saviour's praises,
Eyes so loving, heart so true;
Tell her that in heaven you're,
Far above all earthly pain,
We once more will sing of Jesus;
I will clasp her hand again.

Now the faltering voice grew weaker,
Low the head sank on the breast;
One of Jesus' faithful soldiers—
On the battlefield—found rest.
Minnie Pike.

Warriors' Witness-Box.

BRO. E. T.
SMITH,
Hamilton,
Ber.

"Saved and
Kept by the
Grace of
God!"



A Bermuda Testimony.

My life, although not very long, has, nevertheless, been a sinful one. I quite a small boy, my mother used to send me to Sunday School. At that time she was not converted, but about sixteen years ago she gave God her heart, then she endeavored to teach me to walk in the paths of righteousness, and live an upright life. But I am sorry to say that I would not hearken to her teachings and pleadings. I went on living for self and the devil, sinking deeper and deeper into sin, and hardening my heart against my mother's teaching.

About two years and four months ago, the Salvation Army opened fire in the little village of Somerset, Ber. I attended the meetings for a little while, and as I sat in the meeting one night, in April, 1898, God's convicting Spirit took hold of me. Although I did not go to the penitent form, I was compelled to fall on my knees and confess my sins before God. Before I left the little hall that night, I felt that old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Hallelujah!

From that night I went forth feeling that God had wrought a miracle in my heart. I felt that God wanted me in the Salvation Army, and that it was there where I had to work for Him. I am glad to-day that ever I responded to His call, and I feel that I am just in the place where God would have me to be, and my one desire in life is to live to help save poor sinners, and bring them to the Blood.—Capt. E. J. Strothard, Somerset, Bermuda.

—[10]—

A Newfoundland Voice.

I was saved at old No. 1 corps, Halifax, in 1898. I am now at my home in Bonne Bay, Nfld., and I want to say a word to the men and women who are feeling sick in body, yet I can praise God and thank my soul is right with Him, and I am fighting for my Saviour beneath the dear old flag.—John S. Caines.



"Faith" and "works" are not two separate things, but two phases or aspects of the same thing. Faith is the inner spirit that links a soul with Christ, and thus secures to the soul power to do for God and man. Works are the manifestation of that linking, evidencing to man and to God that the current of power is complete. Faith is the fire, works are the heat which the fire gives out. Fire without heat is dead; it may look as if it were warm, but it is only a show, like colored tinsel in a summer garb. There is such dead fire as this, and such dead faith. Let the show not deceive us.—S. S. Timms.

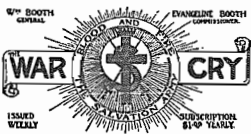
GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENT—

ADJT. CAMERON, of Bracebridge Corps and District, to the Temple Corps and Training Garrison.

ENSIGN PARSONS, of Sydney, to Dartmouth.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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Before Easter.

The week before Easter brings again before our minds the events which transpired during that period 1867 years ago. It was the week of outward, or visible, events which had been foreshadowed from the beginning, and again and again were foretold by the prophets. On Sunday they welcomed Him with "Hosannas" into Jerusalem, spread their garments and carried palm branches—on Friday they cried out, "Crucify Him! Give us Barabbas!" Oh, the terrible week of ignominy, shame, and suffering that the Son of Man endured for us, ere Easter morning dawned and the Son of God arose clothed with immortality. The hideous, bloody battle had been fought, Heaven had won. Hell was defeated. May, then, the passions and death of our Christ appeal to us in a manner that will provoke us to like endurance of offence and misunderstanding with the certain hope of the final triumph of truth and trust.

Although the Siege of 1000 is closed, our efforts to unrelentingly fight the powers and works of Darkness must never be allowed to slacken.

In the darkest hour remember Him Who on the cross has died So that every captive's fetter Might be broken, cast aside. Grip your weapons, soldiers brave, Forward, dying souls to save. Fight on, until in every land Your colors wave.

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS Tuesday, April 3rd.
BUTTE Friday, April 6th.
SPOKANE Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 7th, 8th and 9th.
ROSSLAND Thursday, April 12th.

(MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.)

NELSON Saturday and Sunday, April 14th and 15th.
(SATURDAY, SOLDIERS' MEETING.)

VICTORIA Wednesday, April 18

NEW WESTMINSTER Friday, April 20

VANCOUVER Sunday, April 22

WINNIPEG.

Friday, April 27th Drawing Room Meeting

Saturday, April 28th Soldiers' Meeting

Sunday, April 29th, 3 and 7 p.m. Salvation Meetings

The Commissioner will be accompanied by Major Smooten and the Provincial Officer.

BRANTFORD VISITED

BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ.

Salient Progress of First Year's League of Mercy Work—Now Members Enrolled.

On Friday last Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read paid a visit to Brantford and addressed a very attentive and most appreciative audience on behalf of the League of Mercy and Rescue Work. Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond and comrades most enthusiastically welcomed the Lieut.-Colonel. The meeting then opened with the old familiar song, "My soul is now united," after which Capt. Gibson and Adj. Beckstead offered prayer. Mrs. Read, who met with a real hearty welcome, expressed her pleasure at once again visiting Brantford, especially on this occasion, it being the Anniversary of the League of Mercy. Mrs. Read appreciated the presence of the crowd who bravely faced the extreme cold and drove from Paris in order to enjoy the meeting.

In speaking of the League of Mercy and Rescue Work, she was glad to report definite progress throughout the different cities, from Newfoundland to Dawson City. Many sad and pathetic stories were related, which brought tears to many eyes, both on the platform and in the audience. Mrs. Read then received two new

members in the League. Bro. Shoemaker, who represented the League in Brantford, was called upon, and gave a very interesting account of the work that is being accomplished through the efforts of the League workers in the different institutions, which comprises the General Hospital, "The Orphan's Home," Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond sang a duet, after which Mrs. Read delivered a very inspiring and impressive Bible reading. The meeting then closed with the singing of the Doxology.

The League members then met at Brother Johnson's, and partook of the sumptuous repast which had been provided by its members. Adjutant McAmmond spoke in very glowing terms of the benefit the League had proved to the corps, and the help received from them personally. The members told how the citizens were deeply interested in their work, and practically assisted them. Brother Beckstead told a very touching story of a little boy who had been sentenced to jail on a charge of theft. When they conducted their regular meetings on Sunday afternoon in the jail, this little boy, almost broken-hearted, and with arms clasped tightly around our brother, cried and pleaded to be taken home and not left there. It was more than Mrs. Read could stand, so he set to work and succeeded in getting sufficient to pay the fine, and restored the boy to his parents and home. The result was that the whole family was at the S. A. barracks that same Sunday night to the meeting.

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Shoemaker spoke very encouragingly of the work and her own personal experience.

Mrs. Read, in her closing remarks, which were very beautiful, entreated all to live closer to God, as their influence would affect, for good or evil, the souls of others. And thus a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. Mrs. Read left with a pressing invitation to come again soon.—Nettie Beckstead, Adj.

ALASKAN NEWS.

I.—Dawson Doings.

The work is still going on at a lively pace. Souls are getting saved, and the interest is unflagging. "A young man" came in this morning, the Salvationist, and he was dressed in the uniform. "Last night we had the 'Prodigal Son' in scenes, with readings and songs. We had a great crowd, which was intensely attractive. We

cleared \$125 for the work. The sympathy of the people is wonderful."

II.—Skagway Sketches.

Adj. McGill writes: "We are well and doing our best. The theatres and concert halls are getting re-forested, 10 or 12 new acts arrived lately. The Indians are continuing to find salvation. Had a colored corporal saved. (Uncle Sam keeps a colored company here.) A railroad man got saved last night; so you see we have the signs of life here. . . The Indians are taking wonderfully to the Army. One of our Indian converts left here two months ago and began holding meetings 30 miles away. This last report gives the number of converts as 45."

THE WEEK.

March 26th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The pacification of the Orange Free State, which has been occupied and placed under provisional government by Lord Roberts, seems to proceed rapidly. Everywhere burghers are surrendering their arms in response to Lord Roberts' proclamation.—General Clements has entered Philippolis, and General Buller reports that 800 rifles and much ammunition have been surrendered to him. The Boer force, which is retreating along the border of Basutoland, has not yet been intercepted by General French.—Mafeking is still closely besieged. Colonel Plumer has been obliged, after a sharp engagement with the Boers, to retire northward, leaving only a small force with two guns at his disposal. The town is in sore straits on account of scarcity of provisions.—A party of four British officers and a trooper ventured some ten miles north of Bloemfontein, where they were attacked by Boer sharpshooters, who killed one and wounded the others. They were afterwards assisted by Boers and carried to the nearest farm house, where they were taken to a hospital.—Activities in Natal show that General Buller is planning to attack the burghers entrenched in the Biggarsberg mountains.—It is reported that a small British force have taken the Transvaal from the west, near Fourteen Streams.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

Admiral Dewey is ill.—The insurrection in the Philippines is reviving. The rebels in General Young's district attacked the garrison at Manacapan on four consecutive nights.—The Manila government has arrested the extreme Filipinos, are getting into trouble. One editor has been imprisoned and the other paper has been suppressed.—Six lives were saved by the gallant work of a colored man, who had been in the recent tempest fire at New York.

BRITISH BRIEFS.

Irishquid Riots is at Bloomfontein.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes has sailed for England.—The Irish Members of Parliament have decided that in the interest of national unity it is advisable to summon a convention of the Irish people by representatives of all public bodies, etc.—It is reported that the Duke of York intends paying complimentary visits, after the war, to all colonies.—Queen Victoria proposes to publish another series of her diaries, the profits of which will be devoted to the Mansion House War Fund.

CANADIAN CULLINGS.

John Cavanagh, who was tried at London, Ont., for the murder of his mother, has been acquitted.—The Ottawa Patriotic Fund now amounts to \$203,420.—Hog cholera exists at Tribune, Man. One man lost 80 pigs.—The Chief of Police at Sydney, C. B., was fatally stabbed by an Italian laborer.—A private committed suicide at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, by blowing his head off.—The town of Keshikron, on Kootenay Lake, has been destroyed by fire.—161 cases of measles were reported last week in Hamilton.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Germany is increasing the number of her war vessels in foreign waters from 16 to 21.—German doctors speak highly of the British field hospitals in Africa.—France is sending warships to Morocco, owing to a dispute regarding land possession.

What is the Salvation Army Doing to Relieve the Indian Famine Sufferers?

I.—Twenty-eight Cheap Grain Depots are conducted, at which grain is sold at a small sum.

II.—Free distribution of grain to old people and village school children is made.

III.—Advances have been made to 120 families to purchase cotton for weaving, and thereby earn money to buy food.

IV.—One hundred orphans and deserted children have been taken into our Industrial Schools, at a cost of 48 rupees (about \$16.00), per child for one year.

V.—People relieved through the Salvation Army:

By cheap grain,	12,000	weekly.
By free distribution	10,000	"
By allowance for cotton	1,000	"
Total,	23,000	



Self-Denial Week—the leading topic.

The General visited Sunderland for a Saturday and Sunday, and 121 souls were rejoiced in finding holiness and salvation.

The Chief of the Staff has, we are glad to report, fully recovered from his recent illness, and as a symptom of his good health he is devoting an entire day to the Cadets in training.

Commissioner Dowdle is no worse. Commissioner Rees, an old Canadian leader, is, we are sorry to say, on the sick list.

Everybody seems to be challenging everybody else in connection with the raising of money for S. D. Uncle Paul says: "A Brigadier, conspicuous by his height, has invented a new form of competition—he has challenged his wife. I have not heard whether she has accepted the offer. In this case a home divided against itself will stand higher than usual. If Mrs. Paul has really accepted the challenge, she will take her husband down a peg or two."

From the latest English Cry: "Commissioner Howard, robust, and smiling, appeared at I. H. O. last Thursday. Of course, his first call was to the General and Chief of Staff, to whom he presented the loyal greetings of our American comrades, and reported that the Congress had been a magnificent success, and that unity, energy, and confidence characterize the spirit of one and all across the Atlantic. The Commissioner has promised the War Cry an interview in his first visit to America and Canada. In the latter country the Commissioner had a taste of a Canadian blizzard. The Field Commissioner was, I am sorry to learn, not in the best of health. The Toronto Staff also sent their loyal and devoted salutations to the General and their British comrades."



In the meetings held in connection with the Harvest Festival in South India, there have been some splendid scenes of sinners and backsliders seeking salvation. One of the most remarkable of these breaks took place at Alath, long known as a hard corps, where a devil-dancer pleaded for salvation at the top of his voice, twenty other men and women kneeling at his side with the same petition, which was graciously answered. Some two weeks later in another village, almost the whole of the adult population came out publicly to the penitent form, renounced their idol-worship, and started to serve Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and are still doing well.

Brigadier Prabhu Das, for several years the successful leader of our work in Ceylon, has had to relinquish his command, and is now on his way to England, owing to the serious state of his wife's health. He is succeeded by the Rev. J. K. K. Intely Provincial Officer of the Punjab.

The Punjab Province has now been separated from the North Indian Territory, becoming a Territory in itself, under the command of Brigadier Yuddha Bai, who recently returned to India from England. Since the departure of Colonel J. Smith to take command of Japan, Major Yeshu Das, the

Chief Secretary, has been placed in temporary command of North India.

Commissioner Higgins writes that Bombay is in a fearfully plague-stricken condition. No less than 425 deaths were being registered daily at the time of writing, and one hundred of these resulted from smallpox, the remainder from bubonic plague.

During the Commissioner's recent tour through the Marathi Territory, about three hundred souls were brought to Christ. At one place he was greeted by a congregation of over three thousand natives, the meeting being held in a huge "pandal" or open-air enclosure.



Commissioner Oliphant, who has been in London for a few days, had some glowing things to tell about Sweden. There is deep and general sympathy felt for the Indian famine-stricken, and numerous are the acts of self-denial among officers and soldiers to aid our efforts in mitigating their suffering. The Commissioner has recently concluded a remarkable two-days' meetings at Sundsvall, in the North of Sweden. A large building was crowded at nearly every meeting, and seventy new soldiers, if I am not mistaken, were added to the local corps. He is more than ever satisfied that plain talking, faithful dealing



VIEW OF STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

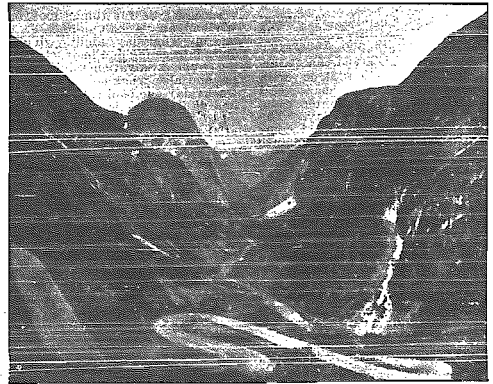
with the conscience, and red-hot desperate efforts to stop souls from going to hell are the measures that will raise up in Scandinavia a greater fighting force. Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant's work among destitute, outcast and poor women continues to grow in influence.

Kalskoga, one of Sweden's most recent openings, has lately had over 100 penitents seeking salvation: no less than sixty-three recruits have been made during the last three weeks.

The keenest and most practical sympathy continues to be manifested by our Swedish comrades in the Indian district. The Staff Band recently held a musical festival at the Stockholm Temple, and by this means raised over eight hundred kroner for the Famine Fund.



A significant fact, noted by Brigadier Lee on a Sunday night in Turin, was that the whole of the splendid crowd of soldiers on the platform were, with three exceptions, converted Catholics. They are thorough-going



NASRODAL PASS, NORWAY.

Capt. Foster, an officer of four years' standing, has been promoted to

Odds and Ends.

An old sugar-planter died in a certain town of Jamaica, who was once a great enemy of the Salvation Army. Salvationists were afraid to go near him, but they passed his residence on one occasion singing, "Over on the Bright Golden Shore." The song seemed to have touched a tender chord in the old sinner's heart, and he sent for our officer and gave him an invitation to visit him at any time. It was not long afterwards that he became very sick. Our officer spent the whole night by his bedside, and helped him to make his peace with God, which he succeeded in doing. It was cheering to see the change in the old Scotchman. It is not too much to say he passed away singing, "Over on the Bright Golden Shore," for he was trying his best to sing it a few moments before he died.

The latest intelligence from our Icelandic comrades contains the welcome news of over thirty converts made recently in one little isolated outpost to the far north.

Australasia has sent another batch of officers to Java, which is its own special missionary field, and is at length to the Australian Territory.

The Self-Denial campaign in Holland has opened with a magnificent meeting of Amsterdam sailors, conducted by the Marshals. Such a season of Divine power has not been experienced for a long time. Mighty baptisms of the spirit of love and self-sacrifice swept over the gathering, and six penitent forms were crowded with seekers after God. The Self-Denial campaign should be a huge success after such an inspiring beginning.

"Loving God is but letting God love us." Buchanan.



A Harvest of Souls.

BEAR RIVER.—We are able to count thirty-six for salvation and eight for purity. All the honor, to Jesus. There are not many icebergs at present. Lord, melt those who are. —Sec. Morine.

BISMARCK.—Major Sonthall's visit to our town was a source of much blessing. The meeting held in the Methodist Church was enjoyed by a large and representative audience, resulting in one soul for salvation, making two for the week. God is blessing us here. Souls are being aroused from their slumber of sin, and are coming to the Cross. Bright prospects for the future. —Capts. Smith and Anderson.

BUITE.—We had a visit on Saturday night from Ensign Stacker with his lantern. The Ensign has several new views which are very interesting. Sunday was a beautiful day. The Ensign was with us and fired some sharp shots at the devil. Crowds are grand, both outside and indoors. —Cor.

A Soldier's Term.

CAMPBELLTON.—In our last report we were looking forward to a visit from Major Pickering, our new P. O., which had to be postponed, owing to a serious outbreak of smallpox in our town, which necessitated the closing of all churches, schools, and public places. Our barracks has been closed for nearly two months, and at present the prospects for opening are very poor indeed, as the disease is still spreading, but we are looking up and believing for brighter things. Captain and Mrs. Wm. Thompson, our officers in charge, say the soldiers of Campbellton know how to stand by their officers. —Emily White, for Capt. and Mrs. Thompson.

CHESELY.—God divinely near all the week. Backsliders are coming home. Sunday opened fire at 6:30 a.m., closed at 1:30 p.m., and "desperate backslider ready!" When he rose from his knees he said, "I have been bound by the chains of the devil. I have sold my clothes for drink. My Sundays have been spent in the hotel, card playing and drinking. For over ten years I have not been in a place of worship; but the Lord has forgiven me for it all, and the Salvation Army is my place." —Capt. Poole.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—A visit from Staff-Capt. Welling has helped on soldiers and officers in their souls. On Tuesday afternoon Staff-Captain led a beautiful soldiers' meeting, and at night he commissioned a good number of Locals. Although no one yielded, yet some of the unconverted boys said it was the best Army meeting they ever attended. —Geo. Hudson, Capt.

DILDO.—Since last report two souls have been to the Fountain, and got their many sins forgiven. On the 25th of February the death angel came for Bro. and Sister Higdon's little boy, and on the 27th we gave him a private Army funeral. May God bless and comfort the bereaved. —A. Wiseman.

Husband and Wife at the Cross.

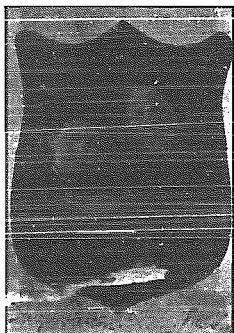
DOVERCOURT.—A man and his wife knelt together at the penitent form, where, after praying earnestly, they found the peace of God. Three others, making five for the day, obtained salvation, after a severe struggle with the enemy. —T. J. M., for Es-sign Hilde.

DRAYTON.—We had the joy of seeing one soul at the foot of the Cross on Saturday night. Sunday morning one sister got the victory over a certain book she was reading. Perfect obedience brings perfect peace. —Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell.

GLACE BAY.—We are in for doing our part. Waving hands the last Siege rose up before us and nerve us to greater efforts. The soldiers' meeting Sunday afternoon was marked by loyal devotion to the Flag and the souls dying in sin around us. Delighted to

learn of the promotion of Lieut.-Colonel Read. Her book entitled "The Life of John Read," has been a great blessing to us, and Capt. Thompson has succeeded in selling quite a number to soldiers and friends, one gentleman giving him twice the price asked for. If the Lieut.-Colonel would only visit our corps and give us an address on the Social Work of the S. A.—well, we would do the rest. —Yours believing, Sergt.-Major.

HALIFAX I.—The Siege is progressing very favorably. The officers and soldiers have taken hold to make it a success. So far things look bright. We had an "Achan-up-to-date" meeting on Thursday night, which was quite interesting and instructive, showing what a Salvation soldier ought to be, and also what he ought not to be. On Friday one soul came to the Cross, and on Sunday our hearts were rejoiced to see seven precious souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat. —Trans. Caslin.



Sergt. Preston and Sergt.-Major Caslin, Halifax.

Cottage Meetings Conquer.

HAMILTON, Ber.—The first week of the Siege was a week of great blessing. We had special prayer meetings every night, and the dear Lord came very near and worked in the hearts of many. One night seven came out to re-consecrate themselves afresh, and a little girl volunteered out for salvation. One afternoon the comrade who is not able to attend our meetings through sickness, had a prayer meeting and took up a special collection to help our comrade financially. On Sunday night Mrs. Adjt. Hulse gave an address on the skeleton army. There was deep conviction throughout the meeting, which resulted in four at the Cross for mercy. —A. Bryant, Cor.

HARE BAY, Nfld.—Souls saved every week since coming here. Among those saved was an old man who had spent 25 years for the devil, and after he claimed pardon, testified to the fact of God's power to cleanse. On Thursday, March 1st, we had an enrolment, when eight comrades gave themselves to God and the Army for future service. Some of our comrades are going to the ice fields. We shall miss them much. —G. H. Sparks, Lieut.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—We are into our Siege full swing, and by God's grace we scored one soul seeking pardon. Although very much under the influence of intoxicants at the time, and leaving the next day for Revelstoke, B. C., he has since written us saying that he realized the step he had taken, and is attending the meetings in that place. Sister Olson and Bro. Seeber were united in marriage on Tuesday, March 6th. Capt. Beaumont, assisted by the Rev. M. McLeod (Baptist Minister) conducted the ceremony according to the S. A. ritual all O. K. Some sixty persons witnessed the affair. A re-

ception, prepared by the bride, was held at the barracks, where a number of soldiers and friends enjoyed a very pleasant evening. —Joe McGee, C. C.

Beating the Record.

KEMPTVILLE.—Coming to Kemptville five months ago we found the outlook not very encouraging, with a debt of nearly fifty dollars facing us, and things looking rather blue all round. The few comrades held on bravely alone for some weeks, holding meetings and selling the Cry till officers could be sent in. Since then things have changed. With the help of the soldiers and friends we did our target of \$60 for Self-Debt, and then fell to planning how we could lift the debt which hung like a cloud over us. Ensign and Mrs. Pugh, who were resting in Ottawa, and Capt. Wilson, of Perth, kindly consented to come and help us with some special meetings. Saturday night was the opening of the series, and from the first God was with us, and we felt sure of victory. Tedious morning Sunday morning, led by Mrs. Pugh and Capt. Wilson, was a time of blessing and power. Afternoon and night meetings, led by Ensign Pugh in his own style, were much enjoyed by all. The Ensign's music, with banjo, concertina, harp, and mandolin, was very much up related. The day ended up with one soul in the Fountain. Monday night we held our banquet in the Town Hall which was a sweeping success in every way. Wednesday, being fast day, we held special open-air meetings, and the people gave liberally to the amount of \$5.51. Ensign Pugh's life-story, which took up two nights, was full of interest, and I noticed several long faces gradually relax and smile in spite of themselves. We closed our effort with a musical meeting on Friday night, at the close of which we were enabled to say the debt was a thing of the past. Credit for every visiting officer, Ensign and Mrs. Pugh who, although on furlough, kindly came to our assistance, and without whose help we would not have reached the goal. Also Capt. Wilson, for whom the Kemptville people always have a warm welcome. The feeling of the business people of the town towards the Army is friendly. The Kemptville soldiers are all right and deserve a pat for the good they achieved in selling tickets, etc. We are now in for getting souls saved. —Ruili Greco, Capt.

KENTVILLE.—Since last report, three weeks ago, business has been brisk in our line. A visit from the D. O. was a "lift on the way." Call again and time. Adjutant, "The Availing Rock of Ages," beautifully showed the Cross as the attraction. A dedication service came next, at which Allison Pryon Jess was given God for the war. The "Drunkard's Home" meeting, which was blessedly possible it is for the power of the drink-demon to be broken. These special meetings have been interspersed with hard-fought battles, and through it all old souls have been saved. —A. Jess, R. C.

Salvation Sleighting.

LISGAR ST.—First Sunday of the Siege, and beginning of a week of special salvation effort, led by "Soldier" Gidley, only one at "knee-drill." Holiness meetings, three souls came out for a greater blessing. At night, barracks overcrowded. The Brigadier's address on the lost soul was powerful. Conviction was seen on many faces. Soloed by two or three of the soldiers held the people spell-bound. The Juniors and J. S. Seagraves had their annual sleigh-ride, and, my! didn't the dear children enjoy it, and the nice tea and cake when they came back. A Junior and Captain and soldiers had an outdoor this week, and as we drove along we sang our salvation songs. —S. McFarland, R. C.



Chas. Roberts and Capt. Locke, of the 3d Property Department, Who superintended the recent Temple alterations.

MISSOULA.—One soul on Tuesday night, one backslider on Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoon two more precious souls found peace and pardon, making four souls since last report, and making, in all, eight souls saved and three soldiers enrolled since the Siege began. Souls have sought Stouger with his magic lantern on Friday night. Everybody well pleased with the entertainment. —J. H. Frost, R. C.

MOOSOMIN.—Had a visit from Ensign E. Hayes, our D. O., for last week-end meetings. One soul saved during her visit with us. Ensign Perry, the G. B. M. man, with us this week-end, and one young man came out for the blessing. The Lord has been blessing us very much here the last four or five weeks, during which time nine precious souls have sought and found God as their Saviour, six in Moosomin and three in outside places. Of this number five have come forward since the beginning of our great soul-saving Siege. —Edward Ken-nair, Capt.

Salvationism and Patriotism.

NELSON, B. C.—On the 28th of February Ensign Lester had the honor of making ten recruits into soldiers. On the 1st inst., the S. A. band headed a procession in honor to those who were instrumental in relieving Lady-smith. On the 2nd inst., Capt. Duthie gave experience in the S. A. work which was much appreciated. Coffee and cake social was served afterwards, which, I believe, was enjoyed by all. Proceeds, about \$30. —M. S.

NORTH HEAD.—Sunday's meetings were well attended. Crowds are increasing, and interest is arousing up. Soldiers are in good fighting trim, and full of faith. Week-end, March 9th, we had eight forward. Among these are some remarkable conversions of young people. We know without a doubt, if they prove true to God, that He will make them a great blessing to dying souls. —Arthur E. Armstrong, Capt.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Ten souls in the Fountain since Capt. Brown and Lieut. Murphrough took charge. Large crowds, full of faith. War Cry booming. —Minnie Pike.

A Capital Catechism.

OHILLIA.—What's the matter with Orillia? Orillia's all right. Is it true you had eleven souls there last week? Yes. On Wednesday night we had with us Lieut.-Colonel Margrets and Staff-Capt. Mantion. Four found salvation, and on Sunday seven souls came forward and found salvation. Our platform will soon have to be enlarged. We are having big crowds. Many are under conviction. I hear the Junior work is on the boom too. Yes, praise God, you are well come to our meetings. We have a crowd of children we have, all smiling, happy. Lieut. Greavett has charge, and she said when she started that she would build up the Junior work or die in the attempt, and, praise God, she did not have to die. —A Friend.

PALMERSTON.—The meetings last Sunday afternoon were the best since Capt. Burton took charge, both in attendance, good spirit, and finances. Sixteen at knee-drill, including the Major. Hallelujah! We expect an enrolment shortly. —Scott Cowan, Treas.

At Close Quarters.

PETROLIA.—In spite of the cold and stormy weather we are still pushing the Siege with all the vigor and determination of which our Blood-and-Fire leaguers are capable. Since last report we have captured three prisoners, and we have been having some desperate fighting with the enemy at close quarters in cottage meeting. —C. Jarvis, for S. Blackburn, Adjt.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We are pleased to report four more souls since last report, two of whom were backsliders. God's spirit is at work among the unsaved, and we are determined to hold on to God till we see many more coming to Christ.—G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

QUEBEC.—Sunday was a day of special victory and blessing. God wonderfully blessed our men, and at the close of our night meeting one dear comrade came home to God. With us in our night meeting was a gentleman, an ex-Mayor from Winnipeg. He said he had been in town for a few days, and he felt he wanted to get his soul blessed. He came to the front and joined with us in our prayer meeting, and he said God did indeed bless his soul. He says he loves the Army, and in a loving sympathy with our good work, and he is practical, for he gave me five dollars to help roll the old chorist along.—Dave, for Huxtable and Bloss.

ROSSLAND.—Since last report Capt. Huxtable paid us a two-day visit, after being away for two months. Soldiers and friends were all delighted to see Rossland's famous hunter again, and gave her a splendid reception. Meetings well attended and one sister at the Mercy Society. The soldiers' barracks stands Rossland's soldiers and friends will give Capt. Huxtable a loyal welcome here. Staff-Capt. Gage with us for week-end. The international committee matter is still a surprise one, but a very welcome one. Sunday night's meeting, for crowd, the best since the opening of our new hall. A backslider volunteered to the front. At Sunday night soldiers' meeting, best record—A. C., for Gooding & Long Co.

Major Hargrave at Spokane.

SPOKANE.—The meetings last Sunday afternoon and night were conducted by Major Hargrave, assisted by Provincial Headquarters Staff; also the soldiers' meeting on Tuesday evening. The afternoon march and open-air service were well attended. It was a cold, bleak day, and the mud almost ankle-deep. A very attentive crowd of men gathered round. The meeting in the barracks also was well attended, and the soldiers' meeting. The Major's talk and Bible reading was good and enjoyed by all. One man volunteered for salvation. The open-air at night was an eye-opener, being one of the largest ever seen in Spokane. The meeting in the barracks also was well attended. Adj. Adams fired a good shot, and Ensign Bloss soloed. The Major's address was to the point and well received. The meeting on the crowd, although none yielded. Tuesday night we had announced for a special soldiers' meeting, and although the rain came down in torrents, it did not dampen the zeal and enthusiasm of our men. The Major's introductory remarks in reference to the principles and regulations of the Army were much appreciated, and answered the questions of the soldiers thoroughly believe in the Army. The Major's Bible reading was beneficial to all, and five men came to the Mercy Sent and refreshed dedicated their lives to God.

STELLARTON.—We had a wonderful time on Tuesday night, led by Mrs. Capt. McElroy and the new pastor, Rev. New Glasgow. I tell you, the children did beautifully under the leadership of Bro. Forsey. They went through a number of musical drills and different other exercises. Lieut. Glennevan, for Capt. England.

ST. GEORGES.—We have started the "Sleeper" in red. We have captured several good positions and prisoners. The first gun was fired on Sunday morning, when we carried one of the devil's strongholds and captured our prisoners, and another was captured on Monday morning. Result of eight days' warfare, ten souls captured from the devil's army.—S. C. Crozon.

Far from France.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Perhaps the people will think St. Johnsbury has frozen up this cold weather and nothing is doing; however, things keep moving on here under the efficient leadership of Capt. Jones and the new pastor, Rev. Mr. May opened here, two years ago last December, the work has gone steadily forward; slowly, it is true, but, nevertheless, gaining ground every step. Quite a number have sought and found salvation here this winter, and the end is not yet. Ensign Parker gave us a couple of

Through Wind and Snow in Muskoka.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

Shall we soon forget that wonderful trip north? From the time we shook hands with Capt. Robt. Hanna, at the G. T. R. Depot in Aurora, immediately after which we waded through snow & drifts waist deep, till we passed the same spot twelve days later, the weather which greeted us was, with slight exception, either wind and snow, or snow and wind. Other greetings and incidents were profuse, however, and of these I prefer to speak.

Friends and Kindnesses.

Whether it was in the home of our Baptist friends—the Brownells, at Aurora; whether with our Presbyterian Salvation sympathizers—the Oliveres, at Newmarket; whether amongst our Methodist supporters—the Williams, at Barrie, and Reeve Wright and his clerical family, at Huntsville; or whether with our own Salvationist comrades—Capt. Shaver and Lieut. Gravenett, at Orillia, with the Treas. and his wife, at Midland, with Treas. and Mrs. Preston, at Bracebridge, or in the abode of our warm-hearted (but shall we say?) Conservative friends—the Hunters, at Gravenhurst, or whether with the officers in their quarters, or the soldiers in the barracks, at one and all places alike there was the same beautiful view of hearty welcome and kindness running through their greetings. For this we feel grateful, especially so because it proved no small factor in helping us to "bless them all back again."

Blessing and Salvation.

It pleased the dear Lord to make the meetings times of blessing and uplifting to many hearts other than our own. His Holy Spirit, also, caused the gatherings to become seasons of salvation to no less than forty souls, Praise be to His name!

Accident and Death.

Nor was the tour without incident from the more sad and sorrowful side of things.

meetings, the 26th and 27th of March, which were much appreciated.—W. C. R.

ST. THOMAS.—Brigadier Howell and Staff-Capt. Phillips with us for the week-end. Good meetings all day. Local Officers, numbering fourteen, were commissioned. In the afternoon service, one soul for salvation. Deep conviction.—W. J. T.

SIDNEY.—One soul for pardon and three for holiness of heart.—A Soldier of the Cross.

Beans and Blessings.

SEYMOUR.—Our D. O. Adj. McNamee, Sister Harvie, and Bro. Chappell, of Charlottetown, spent the week-end with us, and on Sunday night the D. O. enrolled three converts from the west, under the good and Flag. Monday night we had a bean supper, and although the beans were not very hot, we believe the officers and soldiers are hot after souls, and we hope are long to see many seeking Christ.—An Old Friend.

TILT CONE.—We are having good times here now. Sunday night two souls were captured. Our trusty leaders, Mrs. Ensign Gosling and Lieut. Foote, are full of faith and works.—Geo. Fudge, J. S. S.-M.

TRINBRIDGE.—God is giving us some blessed times here. Although it has stormy on Sunday, we had a good day a.m. knee-drill. At the night meeting we had two sleigh-loads of Indian comrades from Surogo. Hall packed. The Spirit came upon the

At Barrie, on Sunday morning, a gentleman was walking into town. Snow had fallen freely during the night, and so in preference to the railway he took the railway track. He was deaf, and did not, therefore, hear the freight train coming behind; but it suddenly and certainly sent the deaf fellow into eternity.—

In our meeting on Thursday night at Huntsville, a backslider, who had been "away from home" for nine years, returned to God and recovered his lost salvation, joy, and gladness. The next day, while a gentleman was newly-papering his house, he (the paper-hanger) took a strange turn, and to take a little rest, lay on the sofa a few minutes. "Help me up!" he exclaimed, and they helped him up. He paced the floor two or three times, and had scarcely taken the sofa again when he breathed his last breath. It all happened within 15 minutes.—

We had been in the beautiful town of Bracebridge but a short time before we heard the "tolling bell," and were told of "the funeral to take place to-morrow" of another departed one. The memorial service of the brave soldier, "Warred who lost his life on the battlefield in South Africa, was also held on the Sunday night.—

Do you not hear, in these dispensations of Providence, the warning note. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—

Smiles and Tears.

In connection with Staff-Captain Manton's story of his life, which story is placed in our "Sixty Years Through Smiles and Tears," the Staff-Captain makes this amusing sally: "You cannot tell what my age is exactly, but I nursed Martha, Mary, and Lazarus." George Manton had the honor of having one brother and two sisters all the same age—their names I have already told you. George was the elder brother, and, like a good boy did his share at the nursing. You see?

Hate and Love.

We were delighted to once more meet an old comrade, Bro. Jacobs—no, it was not Colonel Jacobs—though the gentleman in question used to be an officer. He is the same faithful, true, and hardy worker, and is not at all to demonstrate how willing and able God is to honor and bless whole-hearted toil for Him, whether in city or country. One man, a near neighbor, bated him, and did his utmost to oppress and injure. When the man was in very great sorrow and difficulty, Jacobs went in the name of Jesus, and played the part of the "Good Samaritan."

people. Result, three souls for pardon. One little Junior of six was heard to remark that the devil was losing all his power. War Crys all sold out.—M. L. R. C.

VANCOUVER.—The city has got the name of "go-ahead," and the S. A. corps here partakes of this spirit. We have been giving our hall a proper cleaning up with paint, white-wash, and soap and water (scrubbing).—B. Norman, R. C.

WINNIPEG.—Sunday was a day of victory. God wonderfully blessed us. The afternoon and night meetings conducted by Adj. and Mrs. Cass and others, were productive of much good. There was a good crowd all day. Five souls for light, and others through the week. Hallelujah! Also a very interesting service on Thursday night, entitled "Billy Melod." The soldiers are taking hold of the Spirit, and are going in to their best to make the most of the time. Our worthy specials receive a hearty invitation to come back again.—Capt. L. Patterson, for Adj. Kerr.

YORKVILLE.—We had a surprise party at the Red Lion Barracks on Sunday night, led in by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton. The writer can safely say that the Yorkville corps was very much helped by the word and presence of the people who lay claim to the following names and titles: Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton, Staff-Capt. Morris, Adj. and Mrs. Adams, Capt. Easton and Morris. The result of the meeting was one precious soul for the Kingdom.—A. Rose, Capt.

The man was astounded at this action. He was convicted by God's Spirit, and in the little meeting which Jacobs led the following Sunday night, and to which the man and his family were, of course, invited, Jacobs had the joy of seeing the man himself, and several of his family seek and find salvation. "He is my best friend now," says Bro. Jacobs, "and is continually surprising me with acts of love and kindness."—

Soprano and Bass.

Among the number of good things the writer enjoyed at Orillia, was the singing of our Indian comrades, "The Wesleys." The son sang soprano and the father bass. Didn't they just roll it out! When the Wesleys come your way, get them to sing.—

Wrong and Right.

It was a great wind-up we had at Bracebridge. Nineteen souls had sought salvation on the Sunday night. It would be impossible for me to describe the different phases of that day's remarkable proceedings. There was the humorous and the serious, the sad and the glad, the sinner and the saved, the triumphs of grace and the defeats of sin all to be witnessed there; mingled, as were those scenes, with the shouts and songs of Christian hearts on earth, and the rejoicings of angels in spirit.—

Manton smiled and hugged Jacobs, and Jacobs wept and hugged Manton, and the writer loved and squeezed them both. One sister, in her new-found joy, rushed across to another sister, exclaiming, "I haven't spoken to this dear woman for a long time," and then the two went across each other's neck, and saluted each other with "a holy kiss," while a brother convert was affectionately greeted by his sister, who had long been praying for his soul's salvation, and everybody felt like singing "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow."

A BACKSLIDER'S DEATH.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation."—Heb. ii. 3.

"I'll get saved, but not to-night," was the answer of a man who attended our meetings. Several times the Holy Ghost pleaded with him to come back to Christ. He once professed to follow the blessed Master, but drifted away with the crowd down the stream of Time. One Sunday night he sat in our meeting for the last time. The officers pleaded and dealt with him faithfully about his soul. He went away unrepentant, but God's Spirit was still speaking. He made up his mind that he would come back to God, but before ten o'clock the next morning his spirit had gone to meet his God. Give us an account of the deeds done in the body.

Sinner, beware! Trifle not with the Spirit of God, because God's Spirit will not always strive with you, for if you forget God, He will forget you.—E. C. H.

WHAT IS DUTY?

With regard to ourselves, it is to be independent to the senses, and with regard to others, it is to be untiring in giving help and support; to help live well, to do well, to will well, to wish well; help by agreement and by agreement, by giving and by self-holding, by firmness, and by complicity, by praise and by blame, by silence and by words, by what is pleasant and by what is painful. Dwellers on human names, the selfish of the same hour, and companions along the same road, we ought to help one another; and when we reach the resting place, we shall have first to render an account of what has done for the happiness of the rest—how far for goodness. A kind look will win its reward.—Joubert.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Victory so far in the Siege. One Siege convert brought in a good report yesterday. Happiness of his life. The "Auld Lang Syne" tea and meeting Thursday night was enjoyed by all. Three souls Sunday night.—Kate Welch, Winnie Jones, C. O's.

Nor'-West Breezes.

Major and Mrs. Southall Campaigning in North Dakota.

Splendid Crowds "Like Cakes Like"—St. Patrick's Day—"Just in Time."

Our two weeks' trip to North Dakota was not only interesting, but profitable as well.

LARIMORE is doing nicely under the command of Captain Pierce and Lieut. Custer. An ice cream social with the thermometer below zero, seemed a trifle incongruous, but when the time for action arrived it seemed to be quite in order. Had a fine crowd, the barracks being full, and a very interesting meeting. A pleasing feature was the enrolment of soldiers.

DEVIL'S LAKE is not absolutely a misnomer, though it is a hard name for a town so nicely located. We had a full house and a very profitable meeting. Mr. Powell, a respected citizen, presided, and before introducing the new member for the North-West said some very nice things about our work, and dwelt upon Senator Chauncey Depew's statement that "every minister ought to put in a term in the slums, or ten years in the Salvation Army." Owing to commercial depression things have been a little quiet, but will soon pick up again. The Methodist minister kindly entertained me beneath his hospitable roof.

MINOT.—If you want to strike a good-natured, hearty lot of people you will find them here. In reply to the Lieutenant's cute appeal, they gave \$10 in much less than the many minutes. They are a treat to talk to, being interested in what you have to say concerning the truth. The Presbyterian minister was present and gave a few timely remarks. We expect to hear of several of those big-hearted fellows getting saved soon.

Mrs. Southall did Graton (assisted by Ensign Dean) the evening I did Minot. They had a fine crowd, and good meeting.

A special holiness meeting at GRAND FOLKS was Friday night's engagement. We had a very profitable time.

FARGO.—Three days' campaign. Saturday and Sunday was very cold, and though meetings were good, crowds were rather small.

A request had been made that I would speak to the young men at the Y. M. C. A. About 200 were present, and it was a treat to have the pleasure of addressing such a sympathetic and attentive audience. After my address the leader gave ten minutes for testimonies. In which, I judge, between 30 and 40 testimonies were given. It was splendid. There was no exhorting, but simple testimony.

How much more interesting our meetings would be if there were more of the simple, straight, testimony business. So many seem to feel it necessary to throw in a hackneyed tail-end piece of exhortation. Give the "ark of safety" a rest. The leader of the meeting should be competent to give all the exhortation that is required in closing. If it is a testimony meeting, and if you have a testimony, give it straight, simple, and concise, and—sit down.

The social (at Fargo) was a splendid success. Mrs. Southall gave her interesting talk "sunlights," which was much appreciated. The barracks was packed and numbers turned away. The coffee and cake was sumptuously dealt with afterwards.

LISDON.—This town is famed for its friendly spirit to the Army, and also for its bodyguard of young men, who also assume the responsibility of strengthening the stinging function of the meetings. The anniversary banquet was a fine one. The meeting afterwards, in the M. E. Church, was full of influence and blessing. Many were convicted, and several were "almost persuaded."

I spoke to one man after the meeting about getting right. He said he would "soon be wearing the colors." I have since received the information that he has kept his word and got saved the next Sunday night. Hallelujah!

VALLEY CITY.—The people of this town are also fond of the Army. A full house at 10c admission is good evidence of the fact. Ensign Taylor and Capt. Charlton are having victorious times, and the corps is doing nicely.

JAMESTOWN.—We found Adj. Thomas and Capt. Hammond busy with the banquet, which for variety, neatness, order, and management, was one of the finest I have ever seen.

The meeting afterwards in the Congregational Church was very interesting and profitable, and seemed to be a harbinger of good things for the coming week-end meetings.

The Saturday and Sunday meetings were fine. Splendid crowds and good influences. Three came forward in the holiness meeting. There was a lot of conviction at night, and although some would yield, we feel convinced many will soon do so.

GRAND FOLKS.—A fine crowd turned out to hear Mrs. Southall's talk. We had a profitable and interesting time. Here also an ice cream social was served, reminding one of the Homopathic treatment—"like cures like."

A few days after our arrival home the officers provided a welcome tea, which also served the double purpose of a birthday tea to the renowned and much-beloved Adj. Langtry. The

latter event coming on St. Patrick's Day, and having descended from the streets of the Emerald Isle, the shamrock and green was a fitting accompaniment to the other good things. The Adj.'s birthday was a very popular one this year. She is overjoyed at the prospect of getting back to work after a forced impromptu, through ill health, through the winter. She will take the Rescue Home of the city, while Mrs. Major Jewer, who is much loved in the city, will be taking an appointment in another part of the battlefield.

The Sunday's meetings at Winifred were a 1 for freedom, influence, crowds, and I think, for finances also. We had four forward in the holiness meeting. Adj. Langtry gave some interesting information in the afternoon meeting of her work. A full house at night was an inspiration, especially as it was an attentive and appreciative audience. Four souls surrendered to the claims of the Spirit, and many others were "almost persuaded."

Ensign Hayes, of Brandon, wrote me a few days ago the following: "Do you remember the young man that got saved the Sunday night you were here? He died last Saturday, and we buried him yesterday. He has not been able to be out since the night after he was saved, so it seemed he just came in time."

If we could only obtain the records for one year of the number who are lost for ever through putting off till "too late," what a revelation it would be to the world! Thank God, our brother accepted the opportunity mentioned. Perhaps some sinner, some backslider, may read these lines. If so, I beg of you to repent while you can; your last chance may be—NOW.

—J. F. S.

"but" in life. Ten thousand people say, "I would like to be a Christian if," and that settles it. "I want to be a Christian, but"—yes, that settles it again. And so Christ was surrounded by swarms of persons following Him around, wishing, and wishing, with various degrees of excitability in them and He put them off—He would have nothing to do with them. "Let him take up his cross and follow Me, who soever will be my disciple." There is a great distinction between wishing, then, and willing, for when a man wills the purpose carries with it the instrument to effect itself. You wish to be a Christian—do you will to be one?

Now, Christian life

Is the Only Reasonable One,

whether you regard it as a duty or as a means of the greatest satisfaction. That is to say, we were made to be Christians, and being a Christian is simply putting yourself in those relations to yourself, to your fellow-men, and to your God for which you were created. True Christianity means living in those relations for which we were created—harmonization of ourselves, harmonization of our relations to our fellow-men, harmonization of our relation to the invisible future. And I say that is reasonable. I say again that is true, that it has in it the inherent, the greatest amount of happiness. For although, for temporary reasons, a man may defer to his passions, taking the average and the whole life, he loses rather than he is the loser and he suffers then. A man may think because he runs through a dissipated period and then reforms, that the dissipation is all over. No, no, no; the cause still remains, and runs subconsciously, as it were; and there is many a man that has grumbled at forty-five years of age from the misconduct of twenty years. You know that there are the seventeen-year-olds, the lay their eggs, and those eggs lie incubating in the ground for seventeen years; then they hatch and come forth. A man may, by evil deeds, lay the eggs that will hatch twenty years from that date, and as a general truth I think it is demonstrable by actual observation and experience that the

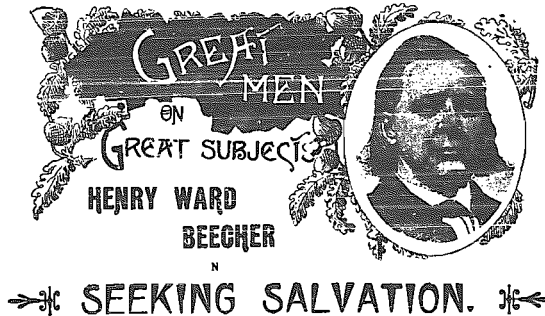
True Happiness of a Man

lies in that self-control, in that virtue, in the integrity, in that love power, which is the substance of religion itself. It is not learning your verses of faith. It is not going through ecclesiastical achievements. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." Therefore, you must lift yourself, and he that lifts himself shows, not by partially towards the lower and worse features in himself, but by showing the self—the self that is the understanding, the moral power and element and spirituality in him. Now, when a man has this presented to him, and he is urged to enter upon a Christian life as the only means of the greatest satisfaction in life, the only one that carries in it the idea of duty and gratitude towards God, how thoughtlessly men heed that. To-night how many are in the streets, saying, "I am resolved over the sphere of life—to life to come—"I am resolved what to do." Bearing in mind what a resolution means and what it includes, how many men can say to-night, "Yes, I am resolved." I have seen a few of the very few of you who would say, "I am resolved not to be a Christian." That is a very hazardous thing, which few men dare to resolve. Men may say, on tomorrow, "I am resolved to be a Christian; I feel sometimes as if I would like to be one; I wish I was one."

Just as a Lazy Man Wishes

he had the products of industry. But how many men are there here to-night that can say, "I am resolved what to do." "I am resolved what to do."

(To be continued.)



(Continued from last week.)

The general qualities of the resolutions which men make are of every grade; even a frail woman, walking in the holiest March wind, may find that with all the sails she carries she cannot make headway against it, and supports it with a fence that is stiff enough to hold her until the wind lulls. And, as it is in the community, so it is in regard to individuals—there are many persons who, left to themselves, waver; they do so sometimes for good reasons, sometimes for those not so good, sometimes because the purposes were formed in a moment of excitement, and have nothing left for them when the excitement cools. There is instability also arising from

Disability of Organization;

that is to say, a man may be susceptible while one class of effects is being produced, and in that mood he may form a resolution, but to-morrow some other blessed, beautiful thing may come up, and he is just as susceptible of that, and the secondary state of mind obliterates the first. A man is under the influence of music, and his purposes run under that power or influence, but, by-and-bye, the outbreak of politics brings up patriotism, as it is called, and his moods change, and those early resolutions at first are no longer operative upon him; another powerful influence causes depression. There are many men who have such ancillary elements brought to bear upon their wills and upon their temperaments that they are almost

persuaded to be Christians, and think they will be, but, going home in a hurry, fall in with company, and the day following are lost in business instincts and interests. It is like another scene that day. So there is this changeableness in man. Then the decrease of the power came from the nature of the mind. There is, however, this idea not to be neglected—the distinction between the man's willing and his wishing. A great many people think that a wish is a resolution. Oh, it has gone into a proverb. "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride." A man wishes he were rich, but he is too lazy, and he never will be; a man wishes that he knew more, probably never will; he is lazy; a man wishes he could have entrance into certain circles of society, but the steps requisite he never will have patience or wisdom to take. You might just as well

Carry a Candle Around the Field

and think it is agriculture, because it is light shining on crops. Thousands of people think they wish to be Christians, and they do not. The interpretation given much of the instruction of Jesus. Men came to Him and said: "Lord, we will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." "No you won't," you don't know that I am destined to suffering, suffering, poverty, persecution, death; you think that I am going to be a royal personage and shower honors and gold." "Ah," says one, "I will follow Thee, but suffer me first." Ah, there is that "if" and

They who have received into their hearts the blessed assurance and results of God's faithfulness will imitate it in their own lives. Conversely, righteousness is a human excrement, and righteousness looking from heaven like a gracious angel smiling on the faithfulness which springs from earth. Thus heaven and earth are united, and humanity becomes a reflection of the divine.

Capt. Clark, Kentville	31
Lieut. Peckham, Kentville	31
Cora McKenny, St. George's	39
Mrs. King, Hamilton	39
E. Peckwood, St. George's	39
Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton	39
Sergt. Pettis, New Glasgow	39
M. Burgess, Halifax I.	29
Cadet Hamm, St. John I.	27
Sister Matthews, St. John V.	27
D. Lowe, Yarmouth	26
Capt. Clark, Bridgewater	26
Mrs. Bowden, Dartmouth	25
Mrs. McDow, Dartmouth	25
A. Hawkins, Yarmouth	25
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	25
Cadet Purly, St. John III.	25
Lizzie Jones, St. John III.	25
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Sister McDonald, St. John V.	22
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	22
G. Volens, Fredericton	22
Adj. Fraser, Moncton	22
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	21
Lieut. Matthews, Moncton	20
Chas. McKay, Moncton	20
Clinton Troggit, Amherst	20
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Halifax II.	20
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	20
Arson Tilley, St. John Glasgow	20
Mrs. Chapman, Springhill	20
Capt. Hudson, Clark's Harbor	20
M. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Donovan, Fredericton	20
Capt. Landley, Lunenburg	20
Sergt. Selge, Halifax I.	20
T. Phillips, Glace Bay	20
J. Christoff, N. Sydney	20
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	20
Cand. Wankley, New Glasgow	20
Capt. Winchester, Moncton	20
Lieut. Netting, Liverpool	20
Capt. Pelley, Dartmouth	20

NEW WEST PROVINCE.

45 Hostlers.

Cadet Gamble, Winnipeg	169
Sergt. Major Curtis, Portage In	129
Private	129
Lieut. Nuttall, Winnipeg	100
Father Harvey, Valley City	84
Capt. Hammond, Jamestown	72
Lieut. Hansen, Brandon	70
Sister Cook, Fargo	70
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	63
Lieut. McLeod, Medicine Hat	65
Capt. Bauson, Fargo	59
Capt. G. Gamble, Dauphin	48
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Carman	48
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Morden	48
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	48
Lieut. Lenwick, Edmonton	46
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	41
Capt. Woodworth, Prince Albert	40
Cadet Hardy, Rat Portage	40
Lieut. Wilcox, Prince Albert	40
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	40
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	40
Capt. Halsten, Minnedosa	39
Capt. Brantigan, Regina	37
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon	36
Cadet Scott, Rat Portage	35
Capt. Draper, Minot	33
Lieut. E. Cusler, Minot	33
Mrs. Rushbrooke, Portage in Prairie	31
Capt. Hall, Virden	31
Lieut. McKee, Virden	30
Cadet Bristol, Rat Portage	29
Cadet Quist, Rat Portage	29
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	27
Lieut. Hall, Emerson	27
Capt. Pearce, Laramore	26
Lieut. D. Cusler, Laramore	26
Capt. Kennir, Moosemilk	24
Lieut. Engdahl, Emerson	24
Cadet Gross, Rat Portage	24
Capt. Brandner, Lisbon	23
Corps Cadet Smith, Laramore	22

Capt. Herringshaw, Devil's Lake	21
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Westcott, Portage la Prairie	20
Sergt. Mrs. Long, Brandon	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

34 Hostlers.

Sergt. E. Glen, Butte	165
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, New Westminster	122
Lieut. Morris, Billings	117
Sister Ada Lewis, Victoria	105
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	95
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	90
Mrs. Essie Cunniff, Great Falls	86
Bro. Christenson, Vancouver	83
Capt. Walruth, Anacortes	81
Capt. Beaumont, Kamloops	80
Bro. Knight, Vancouver	72
Lieut. Gah, Revelstoke	67
Sister Mary Vehn, Butte	53
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	53
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, New Westminster	50
Capt. Scott, Helena	48
Adj. Stevens, Helena	47
Neddit, Dillon	46

Capt. Sparks, St. Johns I.	27
Sergt. B. Hiseock, St. Johns I.	27
Sergt. M. Rose, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet Bailey, Harbor Grace	25
Cadet Fisher, Harbor Grace	24
Cand. Wilshire, Heart's Delight	23
Sergt. J. Lidston, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. Mrs. Peddel, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. L. Shute, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. M. Ebsary, St. Johns I.	20

A CURE FOR TOBACCO USERS.

I used tobacco constantly
Since I was seventeen,
It seemed as if my body
Was soaked with nicotine.

I never once stopped smoking,
Except to take a chew;
And when I wasn't chewing
The air with smoke was blue.

CORPS' SUPPLIES.

HEADGEAR—

BONNET SHAPES, quality 2, sizes 4-5-6.	Price.	Extra.
do do do	\$1 00	(Sent by Express)
do do do	1 50	
BONNETS, TRIMMED, quality 3, sizes 4-5-6.	3 50	
do do (fine running) 4, sizes 4-5-6.	4 00	
do do quality 6, do	4 50	
do do (fine running) 6, do	6 00	
CAPS, Ladies' Bicycles (with band)	6 50	
Men's Regulation (broad top, with band)	1 00	12
do do (not do do)	1 50	13

GUERNSEYS—

Heavy Worsted, with crest	\$2 00	13
Fine Woolen, Best Baldwin Wool, 2-ply	2 25	13
do do (B. O. S.) Best Baldwin Wool, 2-ply	2 50	13
do do Best Baldwin Wool, 3-ply	2 50	13
Cardigan Jackets, each	3 50	16
Blouses, Red Cashmere, each	2 00	10

MISCELLANEOUS—

BANDS—S. A. Hat, Staff	\$0 35	01
do Soldiers	25	01
RANGES—Maple Leaf	10	01
English Shield	25	01
English Enamelled	25	01
I. S. Shield	15	01
BRID—Red, per gross \$4.00, or yards	10	01
Yellow, do do	10	01
Blue, do do	10	01
Ensign's Suit (brail only)	1 40	05
Buttons—Black S. two sizes, per doz	1 80	05
CHEST—Officers	10	02
Bandmen	25	01
J. S.	15	01
Silk	15	01
CORD—Tea-colored, narrow, per yard	15	01
FLAGS—For Corps	3 00	10
LAMPS—Band Lamps	40	Exp
PAPER—Note, in pads, 150 pages	15	
do Envelopes, per 1000	2 00	
do in packages of 25	25	01
do wide, do	05	01
Bonnet, narrow, do	35	02
do wide, do	50	02
Bengalee, per yard	85	04
Stars—per pair	1 00	04
S's—Staff do	50	01
Metal do	10	01
STRIPES—Sergeants	15	02
Sergeant-Majors	15	02
TORCHES	25	Exp

Sergt. Boothroyd, New Westminster	45
Sister Ruth Smith, Livingston	35
Sister Gertrude Warford, Livingston	35
Mrs. Mylen, Helena	33
Capt. Haas, Revelstoke	32
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston	30
Capt. Brown, Bismarck	28
Sergt. L. Buck, Mt. Vernon	28
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	25
Master Hooker, New Westminster	25
Capt. Duthie, Nelson	23
E. Floyd, Ancon	22
Capt. Jackson, Livingston	20
Mrs. Nelson, Helena	20
Lieut. Sahr, Lewiston	20
Lieut. Lloyd, Butte	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

17 Hostlers.

J. S. M. Fudge, Tilt Cove	52
Cadet Cummins, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Tiller, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet Howe, St. Johns I.	30
Lieut. Foot, Tilt Cove	30
Cadet Oldford, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet Churchhill, St. Johns I.	25

One night I to the Army went,
And there a cure I found;
One dose of good salvation
From Jesus precious found.

The Calvary tobacco cure
Takes all the poison out;
Makes all the old feel young again,
Makes weak men strong and stout.

You'll bless the day, with wife and friend,
When Jesus Christ you found,
And Christ's Salvation Army joined,
You'll tell it all around.

S. McFarland,
Lisgar St.

The highest joy of the Christian life has a sense of something yet lacking in it, and must betake itself to prayer that God would perfect that which concerneth it.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, amuse, reformed women and children, many in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent. If possible, to dairy expenses.

Parents, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

COWARD, JOHN. Age 31, height 5 ft. 8 in. Left Greenspond, Nfld., ten years ago, on vessel "Annie Laurie." Capt. Biowey. Last heard of in London, Eng. Mother and father anxious.

HUDDLESTON, EDWARD, sometimes called EDWARD BROWN. Age 61, height 5 ft. 7 in., gray hair, dark eyes and complexion. May be attached to Life Assurance work. Friends anxious.

IF THOMAS HUGGIES, aged 27, married, printer, fair, light hair, last address 807 W. 146th St., New York, and who is supposed to be in Toronto, will call at 361 Seckville St., he will hear news of his mother.

Second insertion.

LIGHTFOOT, JOSEPH. Age 25, height 5 ft. 4 in., single. Farming at Maple, Ont. Left in August, 1897, to go to Manitoba. Brother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TURCOTT, MRS. JOSEPH. Last known address Chatham, Ont., about 18 years ago. May be in Denver, Col. Son George, in Toronto, enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GARDINER, WILLIAM HARMAN GAIDNEIR. Age about 28. Was brought with his mother from a home in Boston, to Detroit, in 1880. Parted in Wayne County. Not been heard of since. Brother Victor anxious to find him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

COSSIE, JAMES. Home in Tilton, Nfld. Last heard of ten months ago, from New York, on route to St. John. N. B. Sailor on board schooner "Clayton." Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WHITTON, MRS. JESSIE. Age 64, stout, tall, well built, fresh complexion. Husband's name was Robert Whitton, died 26 years ago and three daughters—Jessie, dead; Lizzie, age about 45, married William Meyers; Jennie, about 37. Last heard of 16 years ago in Bristol. Brother Robert, in Canada, enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WESTWARD, ANNIE. Age 80 years, height 5 ft. 6 in. Last known to be living in Lambton County, Nova Scotia. Sister Enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

BINGHAM, MITCHELL. Age 26, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, blue eyes, sunny complexion. Last heard of in Winnipeg. Belonged to the Royal Dragoons. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

NETTLETON, D. ALFRED. Age 25, dark, blue, eyes, tall. Wrote mother in England for money, in '98, and embarked for Klondike. Mother not heard since. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

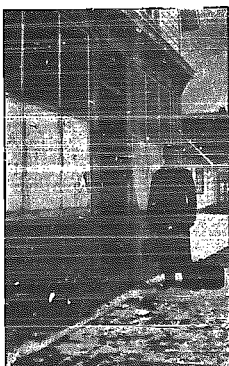
DO YOU WANT ADVISE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, AS
LEGACIES?

DO YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent lawyer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Sison, 5 A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto & mail fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



Ensign Perry Leavins S. A. Barracks, Dauphin, Man.



Covered by the Cross.

Jesus Calls.

Tune.—The Cross now covers (B.J. 80).

1 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love:
And over its waves to my spirit,
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

Chorus.

The Cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the Blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
Then listen, beloved, He speaketh—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

Send the Pentecost.

Tune.—Conference (B.J. 75); Eda Rhea (B.J. 65).

2 Lord, see us now with one accord,
All waiting at Thy cross;
Our hearts are bare, our motives pure,
We count all things but loss.

Chorus.

Oh, send another Pentecost,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Quicken Thy saints, bring back the lost,
Revive Thy work again.

The rushing wind, the tongues of flame,
Oh, let them now descend,
And sit on each that's gathered here
Then selfish aims shall end.

I push heaven's windows open wide,
Let streams of mercy flow;
Cause hell to wear her mourning robes,
Thy enemies o'erthrow.

Let saints be quickened by Thy power,
And hearts made all aflame,
A burning zeal for dying souls,
Reveal Thy work again.

The sinner snatched with holy might,
Backsliders now reclaim;
Let hovering spirits bear the news
That souls are born again.

What a Saviour!

Tune.—Oh, what a Christ have I (B. J. 75).

3 I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have.
Oh, what a Christ have I!

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed, Whose leaves do heal,
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens,
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is that, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

Tune.—Jesus is calling; or, I stood outside the gate.

4 I stood outside the gate, a poor,
wayfaring child;
Within my heart there beat a
tempest, loud and wild:
A fear oppressed my soul that I should
be too late;

And, oh, I trembled so, and prayed
outside the gate.

Chorus.

Jesus is calling,
Open your heart's door wide,
Let Him in.

"Mercy!" I loudly cried: "Oh, give me
rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied, and mercy let
me in:
She bound my bleeding wounds, and
carried all my sin;
She eased my burdened soul, and gave me
peace within.

In Mercy's form I knew the Saviour,
long abused,
Who oft had sought my heart, and
wept when I refused;
Oh, what a bliss return for ignorance
and sin!
I stood outside the gate, and Jesus let
me in.

Sorrow is punishment, its removal
shows pardon.

On the Cross.

Tune.—Will you go? (B.B. 13, 7; B.J. 12, 9; 11.3; 277, 2).

6 Behold, behold the Lamb of God
On the Cross;
For as He shed His precious blood
On the Cross.
Oh, you who still His love defy,
And all His grace and power deny,
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross.

Come, sinner, see Him lifted up,
On the Cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me
On the Cross.

"Beware of the Heaven."

Tune.—Throw out the life-line.

6 Beware of the heaven, dear con-
verts, so bold,
If you would be valiant, like pro-
phets of old;
A little will harm you, the Saviour
well knew;
I kept back His converts, and so it
will you.

Chorus.

Beware of the heaven! Beware of the heaven!

"Beware," is the message so plain;
Now wine of the Kingdom will smash
the old bottles,
And give us the victory again!

Beware of the heaven! Oh, have you not read

The reason why thousands of Chris-
tians are dead?
They walk with a Pharisee, learning
of him,
And quenching God's Spirit they al-
ways get dim.

Beware of the heaven! Oh, Christian, so cold;

Although it has stunted you, if you'd
be bold
Repent, and come out to the form
once again.

Beware of the heaven! Oh, is it not plain?

Beware of the heaven! Oh, sinner, if
you,
When under conviction, would ask
what to do;
Where waters are troubled just throw
yourself in—

'Tis only the Flood that can save you
from sin!

Adj't. Phillips, Jamaica.

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12.

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